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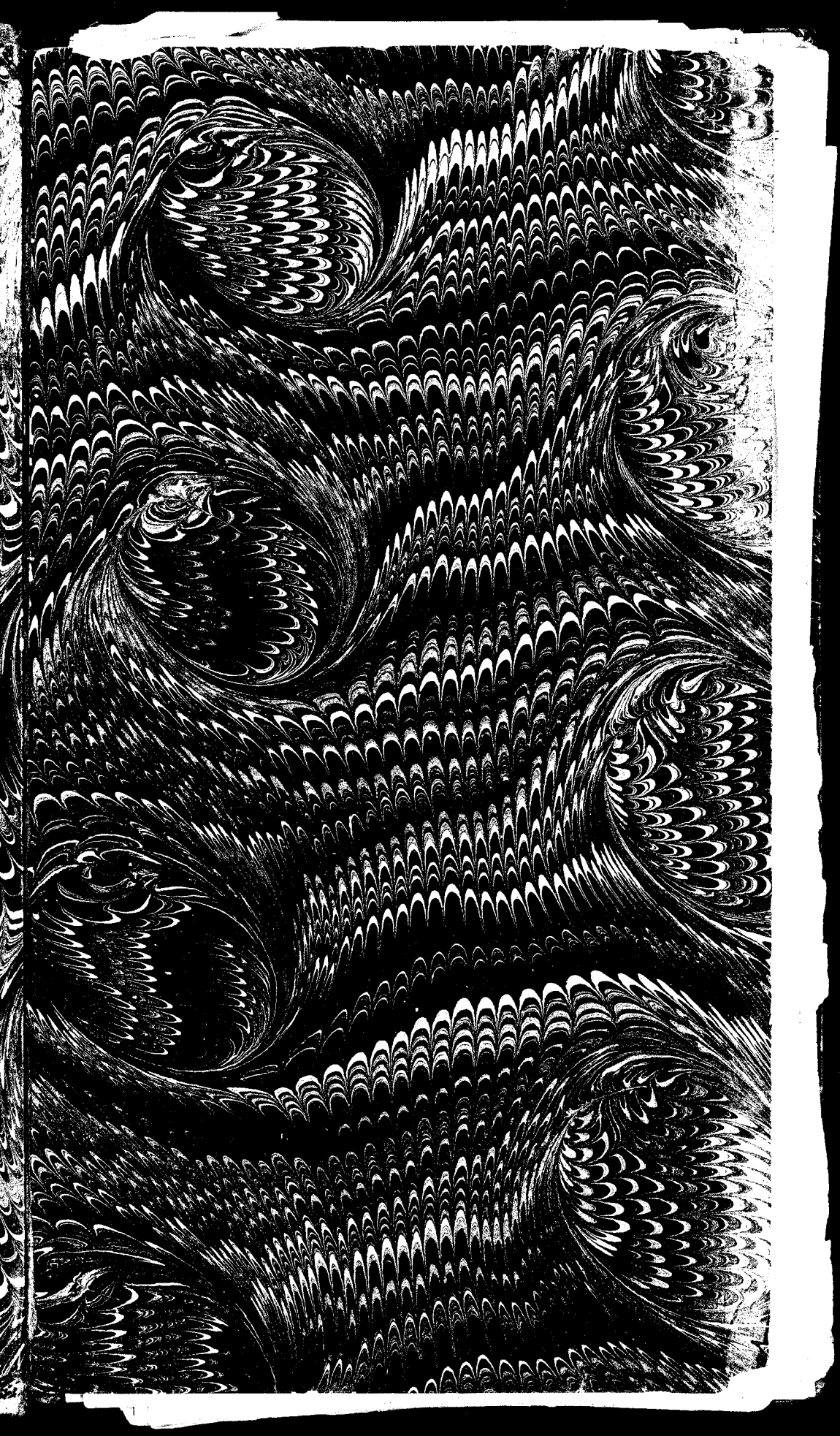




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A HISTORY

OF THE

Sixtieth Alabama Regiment,

GRACIE'S ALABAMA BRIGADE,

BY

LEWELLYN A. SHAVER.

"Jucundi acti Labores."

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INTRODUCTION.

"JUCUNDI ACTI LABORES"—labors accomplished are pleasant. Perils, privations, labors and difficulties, are, when we look forward to them, invested with a supernatural force and consequence—when actually upon us, though they lose some of their magnitude, they are still *sui generis*; but in the retrospect, when the storm is overpast, they are a source of the highest and most substantial gratification. He who by long and patient application and unvarying integrity has won for himself a high rank among his fellow men, looks back with pride and pleasure upon the struggles which have resulted in his promotion. It is the same pleasure, though perhaps enjoyed in a higher degree, which gives animation to the countenance and life to the worn-out body of the old soldier, when with youthful ardor he "shoulders his crutch and shows how fields are won." There is, however, this very material distinction between these two cases: With the former there is generally the enjoyment of the good labored for, as well as the memory of struggles well sustained; but with the soldier, there is in the majority of cases nothing left but this pleasure which arises from the remembrance of "labors accomplished" and duty performed. This, certainly, is all that results to the soldier of the "lost cause" for his long years of privation and peril. It is with this conviction, and a desire to spread out for the fruition of my late comrades in arms some of this invaluable treasure of the past, that I have undertaken to indite a brief and imperfect sketch of the career of the "60TH ALABAMA REGIMENT." I say "brief and imperfect sketch," because it were vain to attempt to give, within the scope which I have assigned myself, a full and complete history, containing everything of interest and importance which transpired in connection with a regiment and its individual members during a period of four years—years of ceaseless activity,

and daily peril and adventure. The object of this narrative, therefore, is to *suggest* rather than to *dilate*; and the most that is promised is, that it will carry the reader back to places, scenes and incidents, in contemplation of which his mind will be drawn on by association to disport itself amid the many memories connected therewith.

I may here remark, that while this is styled a "HISTORY OF THE SIXTIETH ALABAMA REGIMENT," yet it is necessarily, to a considerable extent, a history not of that Regiment alone, but also of the larger organizations of which it formed an integral part. The general movements and engagements of a regiment are of course identical with those of its Brigade, and, frequently, of its Division and Corps. Consequently this brief review, if it to any extent answer the purpose for which it is designed, must contain matter of interest not only to the members of the "60TH," but also to those gallant men who filled the ranks of the other regiments of "*Gracie's Brigade*." And, indeed, there is no reason why a subject of this description, if rightly handled, should not command the attention of soldiers in general. The next greatest pleasure to a soldier to recounting his own "hair breadth 'scapes and moving accidents by flood and field," is the listening to a similar recital from a brother soldier, the scene of whose martial exploits and patient sufferings lay in another quarter or department. And, if a feeling akin to rivalry should be evolved by such mutual relations, the contest would be an honorable one—

"Not hate but glory would make the chiefs contend,
While each brave foe was in his heart a friend."

CHAPTER I.

THE LEGION—CHICKAMAUGA—INCEPTION OF THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

THE "SIXTIETH ALABAMA REGIMENT" opened its career as a Regiment on the 25th of November, 1863, at Charleston, Tennessee. Up to that time the troops composing it had formed a part of the "Alabama Legion." It is necessary, therefore, that I glance briefly at the organization and history of the "Legion" up to the time of its dissolution.

The Legion consisted of four battalions of infantry, styled respectively the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, and, also, a battalion of cavalry. As a whole, it was under the command at the time of its organization of H. W. HILLIARD. Each Battalion had, also, a Lieut. Colonel and Major. JACK THORINGTON and JOHN H. HOLT were the field officers of the 1st; BOLLING HALL and W. STUBBLEFIELD, of the 2d; JOHN W. A. SANFORD and HATCH COOK, of the 3d; and Major REEVES of the 4th. The 1st Battalion had seven companies; the 2d, six; the 3d, six; and the 4th, four large companies, designed for artillery service. The Cavalry Battalion having been early detached from and no more identified with the Legion, I deem it unnecessary to give its organization.

The "Legion" was organized in this manner at Montgomery, on or about the 25th of June, 1862. From the time of its formation until the 8th of July following, it remained encamped at Montgomery, perfecting its organization and drill. On the day last named it started forth on its eventful career. Three thousand able-bodied men, more or less, were on its rolls. *Where are they now?* They went, but most of them returned not. Could they have foreseen what lay before them, the stoutest heart in that athletic and defiant host might well have quailed, and the hardest cheek might well have lost its color. But a merciful Providence threw a veil impenetrable to mortal ken over the glorious, though disastrous future, and the brave fellows started forth with that same cheer, which was so often afterward heard amid the storm of battle.

The Legion was first transported via Atlanta (halting at that place a few days,) to Chattanooga. At Chattanooga, it remained stationary about three weeks, during which time it was armed and made much progress in its drill. Thence, August 4th, 1862, it was carried to Knoxville. From Knoxville, August 14th, the Legion made its first march, a distance of forty-one miles, to Tazwell. Every soldier has a *feeling* recollection of his first march—it is invariably associated in his mind with aching limbs and blistered feet. It is probable that no member of the Legion present on that march and still living, has forgotten it.

After a halt of a few days at Tazwell, the command moved forward and joined the forces under Maj. Gen. STEVENSON, who was investing that sublimest and most formidable of natural fortifications, then in the possession of the enemy under Gen. MORGAN, known as Cumberland Gap. What memories does the mention of this important stronghold call up to each surviving soldier of the "Legion!" Cumberland Gap, with its huge mountain sides, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," towering high towards Heaven—bleak, bare, grim, vast and terrible! How quiet and serene the "Basin," surrounded on all sides by these stupendous and rugged barriers, with its springs of mineral water, its few tall and graceful poplars, its two or three groups of dwellings, and its mill moved by a stream gushing impetuously forth from the bowels of the right-hand peak! Who that has tried it does not remember the toilsome ascent of the peaks, and the limitless prospect which greets the eye on gaining the summit—on all sides round a sea whose billows are mountains!

Gen. STEVENSON'S line was distant from the Gap about five miles. During the investment the enemy kept up a daily shelling from the *right-hand peak*. The shells thrown from that position frequently fell a mile to the rear of the Confederate line—a distance of about six miles from their starting point. It was here that the ear of the Legion was first tickled by the *moving* melody of shells passing overhead, and made acquainted with the sonorous voice of "Long Tom."

The Gap was evacuated by the enemy on the evening of September the 17th, and occupied by the Confederate forces on the following day. The "Legion" remained at the Gap until the 2d of October, when it entered upon the campaign into Kentucky—known as BRAGG'S Kentucky campaign—bringing up the rear of the invading column, and advancing into Kentucky as far as "Dick River," a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the Gap. In Gen. BRAGG'S somewhat hasty exodus from Kentucky after the battle of Perryville, the Legion again brought up the rear, and experienced, in all its length and breadth, what it is to *bring up the rear on a retreat*. The Legion re-entered the Gap, October 22d, having marched about three hundred miles since it left that point on the 2d. All who participated in it agree in saying, that this campaign, so far as severity of marching and privation of every description are concerned, was one of the most trying of the war.

After remaining at the Gap until the 4th of November, 1862, the command was moved via Knoxville to Loudon, a distance of ninety miles. From Loudon it was transported to Bridgport, Alabama; whence, after a brief interval, it was carried back to Knoxville, arriving at that point November the 25th, and remaining there about three weeks. This movement to Bridgport occurred a short while previous to the battle of Murfreesboro.

At this time the battalions of the Legion were located for the winter (the winter of 1862-'63) at

different stations. The 1st Battalion (with the exception of Company "A," which was placed on detached duty at Bristol,) passed the winter at "Big Creek Gap;" the other battalions, at Cumberland Gap and other points.

It was during this winter that the original commander of the Legion resigned, and was succeeded by Col. JACK THORINGTON, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Battalion. This gave room for the promotion of JOHN H. HOLT to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and DANIEL S. TROY to the majority, of the 1st Battalion.

About the 10th of April, 1863, the four Battalions were reunited at Lee's Springs, and placed in the Brigade of Brig. Gen. A. GRACIE, Jr. In this Brigade the troops composing the Legion (with the exception of the Cavalry Battalion,) remained until the close of the war, and contributed largely to the achievement of that brilliant reputation which the Brigade bore, first, in the Western Army, and, afterwards, in the Army of Virginia. Lee's Springs, the point at which the reunion of the Legion occurred, and which may be styled the birth-place of GRACIE'S Brigade, was a spot of rare beauty. The members of the different Battalions, on again meeting each other, gave free vent to the social impulse and drank largely of the pleasure which is its legitimate offspring. They also drank—in a literal sense—profusely of the sulphur water which abounds in that vicinity.

From Lee's Springs the command marched about April 15th to Cumberland Gap; from Cumberland

Gap to Bean's Station; from Bean's Station to Morristown; and thence to Cumberland Gap again, arriving at the latter point about June 4th, 1863. From this time until the 9th of August following, the Legion remained stationary at the Gap, doing picket duty for the most part on the Kentucky side.

About the 9th of August, General BUCKNER (who commanded the Department) commenced the evacuation of East Tennessee, with a view to that concentration of forces near Chattanooga which resulted in the "Battle of Chickamauga." The Legion took up the line of march from Cumberland Gap and moved via Strawberry Plains, Knoxville and Turkey Creek, to Loudon. At Loudon a halt was made until September 1st, when GRACIE'S Brigade having been joined by the remainder of BUCKNER'S army, the evacuation re-commenced. The entire command now moved steadily forward, frequently by night as well as by day, until September the 18th. Here were eighteen days of almost constant marching. The heat and dust contributed much to the inconvenience of the troops during the whole march, and the suffering from these and other causes was intense. On the 18th, the command reached what was thereafter to be known as the "Battle-field of Chickamauga."

CHICKAMAUGA.

PREVIOUS to the battle of Chickamauga, I should not omit to mention the skirmish in "McLemore's Cove;" also, the marching, countermarching, and stirring incidents of the 18th of September. On the 19th the battle commenced in earnest, and the Chickamauga became in fact the "Stream of Death." This was a day of anxious suspense to the Legion, which was among the troops held in reserve. It was double-quickened, now to the right, now to the left, and now moved forward, as the Confederates steadily but slowly drove the stubborn foe from position to position. The shells of the enemy, and not unfrequently their minnie balls, fell in our midst, dealing death in many instances. Litters were constantly passing to and fro through our line, bearing from the scene of action the wounded and the dying. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed incessantly: now there was a lull; now the sharp, continuous rattle of small arms broke in upon the ear; now there came a burst of thunder-sound, and each individual noise was lost in a tumultuous outburst of artillery. Then, the storm would subside, and an enthusiastic cheer from the victors in the charge would rend the air. During each lull, there were distinctly audible, the wails of the dying and the heart-piercing shrieks of strong men in agony. The storm and the lull succeeded each other. The Battle Fiend seemed in a wanton humor, and raged spasmodically.

During the entire day, when not moving by the

double-quick to right or left, or forward as the foe gave back, the Legion lay upon its arms, listening to the advancing and receding tumult of the battle. There was silence in the ranks. Each heart had its own burden. At any moment the command "forward" might be given; and, though nerved for the contest, and anxious to strike for our country, we realized the fact, that death was present. Involuntarily, scenes far different from those before us—home scenes—occupied with striking vividness our mental visions. It is said that extremes meet; it is certain, that extremes are suggestive of each other. What soldier does not remember how, on the eve or in the midst of a battle, his thoughts have turned to his dear native bowers and the loved ones whom he left behind him! It was with thoughts of this character, and deep solicitude for the issue of the severe struggle pending in their immediate front, that the men of the Legion passed the 19th of September, 1863.

At length night came, and the storms grew less violent—*grew less violent, but did not cease*. All through the night a sharp fire was kept up between the pickets, and, ever and anon, the booming of a cannon, startling us in our troubled slumber, reminded of the carnage of the past day, and the coming horrors of the morrow. After nightfall, too, the shrieks and groans of the wounded, lying on the battle-field between the two lines, were more clearly heard. Add to all this the facts, that the night was cold, our supply of blankets and clothing scanty, and

the orders prohibited fires, and you will readily understand that "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," visited but few eyelids in the Legion, for any length of time, during the night of that stirring day. It was certainly impossible, under such circumstances, and with such surroundings, to obey the exhortation contained in the following beautiful lines from SCOTT:

"Soldier! rest—thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Dream of battle-fields no more—
Days of danger, nights of waking."

So passed the night, and

"Now when fair morn orient in heaven appeared,
Up rose the 'eager keenest,' and to arms
The matin trumpet sang."

The storm revived—the smoldering fires of battle were rekindled—fresh fuel was added, and the flames burst forth anew.

The fighting this day was less fitful—more continuous. The Confederates bore steadily forward; the Federal masses gave back, inch by inch—sullenly, doggedly.

Until about 3½ P. M. the Legion advanced with the advancing army, encountering a constant stream of wounded, who bore witness to the sharpness of the conflict, and also to the cheering fact that the Confederate flag was being borne onward in triumph. Their march this day was through the theatre of the previous and the present day's battle. On all sides round they viewed "with shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast," heaps of silent slain—friend and foe,

man and beast, in one promiscuous slumber! At length, at about 3½ P. M., the banner of the Legion was unfurled for the first time in battle, the command "Forward—double-quick!" was given by the gallant GRACIE, and the Brigade rushed impetuously into action.

The first volley of the enemy, who were lying in wait behind a fortification of logs in an excellent position, bore with fatal precision upon our line, and created many a gap in our heretofore intact ranks; but it was responded to by an answering volley and a rousing cheer, which rose high above the din of conflict. I shall attempt no recital of what followed—the heart grows sick at the memory! Suffice it to say, that in less than two hours, two-thirds of GRACIE'S splendid Brigade were placed "*hors du combat*"—wounded, dying, dead! The 1st Battalion carried two hundred and thirty men (230) into action, and lost one hundred and sixty-eight (168), in killed, wounded and missing. The 3d Battalion went in with two hundred and nineteen, rank and file, and lost fifty, in killed and wounded. (The loss sustained by these two Battalions is mentioned, because they afterwards composed the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment.) Among the mortally wounded of the 1st Battalion was its commander, Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN H. HOLT. Of this gallant and accomplished soldier, I cannot forbear saying, that a nobler spirit went not down on that bloody field. His consideration for the comfort and well-being of his men, was only equalled by his devotion to the cause in which he fought and fell.

Night finally put an end to the outrageous havoc. So thorough was the exhaustion of the troops from long continued battle, that at the close of this day there was indeed a cessation of the storm. GRACIE'S Brigade having been so terribly shattered, was relieved at dark. The troops constituting the relief occupied the position, laid down upon their arms, and slept amid the dead. It was scarcely possible to distinguish the living from the dead, so profound was the slumber of the former. Silence reigned upon the battle-field!—comparative silence. An attentive ear would have caught, here and there, a low plaintive wail, sob or sigh, from the countless wounded. Being one of the few survivors of the 1st Battalion who escaped unharmed, the writer was called upon to go with a squad to search out and convey to the field-hospital the wounded of the command. This task occupied until past midnight. The appearance of that battle-ground by moonlight is never to be forgotten. It recalled the words of the "Ancient Mariner":

"The many men so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie."

One incident of that sickening inspection I must be permitted to mention. In our search among the many prostrate forms around us, we came upon one covered carefully with a blanket. On drawing the blanket from the face I beheld one whom I well knew—a remarkably handsome youth of scarce eighteen summers. But a few short hours before, we had lain side by side on our arms, conversing of

his home and of our probable fate in the coming battle. I thought of his mother—whose idol he was—all unconscious of his fate, and moved on in the discharge of duty to the still living, with feelings to which I shall attempt to give no expression. This youth was N. M. GILMER. He fell gallantly among the foremost in the charge.

At about midnight the last of the wounded of the 1st Battalion was being carried from the battle-ground, and the writer accompanied the litter to the field-hospital. Here was presented a scene which surpassed in horror, if possible, the battle-field itself. At this point was congregated the wounded who had covered a large area of the field. A lurid glare was cast by scores of flaming rail fires upon the pale, agonized features of the many victims of the battle. There was no canopy for the sufferers save the heavens—no couch save the uneven earth—and no pillows save billets of wood—

“There was lack of woman’s nursing and dearth of woman’s tears.”

I stood in one spot and witnessed many death scenes occurring simultaneously. On my left lay ZENO GAYLE, breathing his last, his face radiant with that ineffable joy which the Christian alone experiences; on my right was young RICHARD BIBB, an accomplished and gallant soldier, expiring in the arms of a comrade. The list might be extended indefinitely, but it is painful to recall the memory of such priceless and apparently fruitless sacrifice.

From the field-hospital we hurried, sick at heart,

to the rendezvous of the command. After much difficulty, we found the remnant of the 1st Battalion—now a mere squad—huddled around a single fire. Each face was powder-stained and haggard to the last degree. There was but little talking; our thoughts were of our fallen comrades. As a specimen of what was spoken around that fire that night, I give the following: "JIM, poor fellow, was shot down at the first volley; he fell forward on his face, and never spoke." "BIRD, they say, is mortally wounded; he was a good boy." "During the fight I passed brother ARCHY lying on his side, wounded. I could not stop to help him. The poor fellow smiled faintly on me, and summoning all his strength, waived his hand towards the enemy."

At about 1 A. M., the writer laid down by the fire with knapsack for a pillow, and no covering—having lost his blanket in the fight—and slept a troubled sleep till morning. At daylight we were aroused by the drum and the order to "fall in." Stiffened, sore, hungry, thirsty, unrefreshed, we adjusted our accoutrements and fell in. The fearful havoc of the previous day's battle was attested by the fact, that the Brigade, when formed in line of battle on this morning, was scarce the length of one of its Regiments on the evening before. The bullet-riddled banners of the several Regiments and Battalions composing the Brigade were distant from each other but a short interval up and down the line, and were no longer held aloft by the hands that had clasped them

on the previous afternoon. Everything being in readiness, the command "Forward!" was again pronounced by the saddened but undaunted GRACIE, and the men moved to the front as well as their almost exhausted bodies would permit. We advanced through the scene of the previous day's action, stepping over the dead bodies of our late comrades, up to the breastworks of the enemy—over and beyond them; but no foe was visible. They had abandoned their position as soon as darkness closed upon the scene, and were at that time miles away, hastening to place themselves under the protection of the guns and fortifications of Chattanooga.

We now had the grim satisfaction of seeing what execution our fire had done in the Federal ranks; but this satisfaction (if such it may be called,) was dashed by the truth which forced itself upon us, that the lives of mercenaries freshly imported from foreign jails were a totally inadequate set-off for the lives of the noble youths and substantial citizens who had fallen in our ranks.

On inspecting the ground over which the 1st Battalion had passed, the body of JOHN CONNOR, of Co. "A," was found to be foremost. He fell within fifteen feet of the enemy's breastworks, pierced by a half-dozen balls. The simple statement of this fact is the highest eulogium which can be pronounced on his conduct in the action. His name was placed upon the "Roll of Honor" by the unanimous voice of his Company. a

(In this connection, it is due to that incomparable soldier and gentleman, JOHN MASSY, Adjutant of the 1st Battalion, to mention the fact, that at a meeting of the officers of the Battalion sometime after the battle, it was the unhesitating sentiment of all, that his gallantry in the battle of Chickamauga was too conspicuous to pass unnoticed by his comrades or unrewarded by his country—and, accordingly, his name was subsequently forwarded to the War Department with an urgent recommendation of promotion.)

On arriving at the position from which the enemy had poured their destructive fire into our ranks on the evening before, no foe being at hand and no order to move forward being received, the command forthwith addressed itself to the melancholy duty of burying its dead.

Such was the first *lesson in blood* of the Legion—a lesson ineffaceable—never to be forgotten! Years hence, the old soldier who survived that bloody field and the other fields of the war, when, as he sleeps beneath his own peaceful roof in the bosom of his family, amid other “thoughts from the visions of the night,” this battle-field shall pass before him, will break the solemn silence of the mansion and the midnight hour by the thrilling cry—“Chickamauga! O God, my bleeding country!”

Having remained two days encamped upon the field of battle, at the immediate scene of its recent sanguinary experience, the command moved to “Missionary Ridge,” in the tracks of the lately beaten and re-

treating foe, now recovered and defiantly hurling shot and shell from the elaborate fortifications which guarded every avenue of approach to Chattanooga. On the Ridge and in the valley, all the while under the guns of the enemy, it remained until about November the 18th. During this time the troops suffered for the want, in proper quantities, of food, clothing, and almost every necessary of life. On the day last mentioned, the command was put in motion and marched through a continued rain into "McLemore's Cove," and back again. On the 19th it was marched over "Missionary Ridge," in plain view of the enemy, to "Chickamauga Station." The Legion was here met by its commander, Colonel JACK THORINGTON, who issued a valedictory circular, informing the command of his resignation and expressive of his regret at relinquishing the leadership of such a body of men, and his ardent desire for their future glory and prosperity.

This march to "Chickamauga Station" was the commencement of the movement of the Division to Knoxville in aid of Gen. LONGSTREET, who was then investing that city. And, indeed, it was to the command the opening of that celebrated campaign of the winter of 1863-'64.

CHAPTER II.

LONGSTREET'S WINTER CAMPAIGN IN EAST TENNESSEE—BIRTH OF THE REGIMENT—ATTACK ON KNOXVILLE—BATTLE OF BEAN'S STATION, &C.

From Chickamauga Station the troops were transported by rail to Charleston, Tennessee, arriving at that point November 25th, 1863. Charleston is a place of importance in the History of the Legion, from the fact that here was carried into execution the long contemplated consolidation of its four Battalions into two Regiments, the Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Alabama. The 2d and 4th Battalions were formed into the 59th; four companies (A, B, C, D,) of the 1st, and the six companies of the 3d, were formed into the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment, of which this sketch purports to be a history. The remaining three Companies (E, F, G,) of the 1st Battalion, were formed into the 23d Battalion of Alabama Sharpshooters. The Field-Officers of the 60th Alabama Regiment were JOHN W. A. SANFORD, Colonel; DANIEL S. TROY, Lieutenant-Colonel; and HATCH COOK, Major. (I am here tempted to digress and devote considerable space to these Field-Officers. They certainly deserve more than a passing notice; but I deem it unnecessary to dilate upon their merits to the members of their Regiment, to whom they are so well known.

The bare mention of their names is, I am satisfied, sufficient to suggest their respective virtues.)

Such was the organization of the Regiment; Charleston, Tenn., was its birth-place; and the 25th of November, 1863, its natal day. Like Minerva, it came into being affected by none of the weaknesses and imperfections of infancy, but fully developed and equipped for vigorous action. And well it was, that its muscles were hardened and all its powers matured, for it was then, at the inception of its career as a Regiment, on the threshold of one of the most severe campaigns of the war!

ATTACK ON KNOXVILLE.

After much hard marching, the Regiment succeeded in reaching Knoxville in time to participate in the gallant but fruitless attempt made to carry that place by storm on the morning of November 29th, 1863. No member of the Regiment who was present for duty at that time, will ever recall this event without an emotion of pride, mingled with sorrow—pride, that without succumbing, he encountered in his country's cause such unutterable hardship; and sorrow, that his endurance and noble daring were destined to prove unavailing.

At about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, the Regiment was gotten under arms. The atmosphere was damp and penetratingly cold; the men were thinly clad, and numbers of them, barefoot. Their suffering whilst standing under arms, clasping with numbed hands the cold barrels of their muskets, can be appre-

ciated by those alone who have experienced similar hardships. But despite of cold, hunger, nakedness, and approaching peril, the brave fellows were full of spirit, and stout hearts beat hopefully within each ragged gray jacket. General GRACIE, while riding through his Brigade on the day before, had pointed significantly towards Knoxville and remarked, "*There are shoes over there, boys.*" and visions of comfortable brogans were floating through the minds of those barefoot Confederates.

There was no noise save the low hum of subdued voices, the rumbling of moving artillery, and the steady tramp of different bodies of troops advancing to their allotted positions. The night was dark; but the enemy, anticipating our movement, filled the heavens with streams of artificial light, which threw the shadow of our columns far to the rear, and was reflected back by many an unsheathed sword and burnished barrel.

At length, the ominous silence was broken by the discharge of a single piece of artillery from the brow of a hill to our right. Artillery had been planted on each of the numerous hill-tops in the vicinity—some being occupied by the enemy and some by ourselves—and now, in a few moments after the discharge of this pioneer piece, a brisk fire was opened from them all. Thunder-peals burst forth and answered each other in quick succession, and, like destroying angels, the huge missiles flew through the dense atmosphere with an unearthly shrieking. Under the exhilaration of

this stirring martial serenade, and the animating words of the Colonel of the Regiment, (who seemed everywhere present,) the line was put in motion, and encountering a creek, plunged through regardless of the cold.

After ascending a hill and advancing a few hundred yards in the open field beyond, the command was suddenly ordered to fall back, and accordingly faced about and moved in retreat to the brow of the hill just passed, where it occupied a line of rifle-pits located at that point. This retrograde movement, suggestive of ill, and at first inexplicable, was soon accounted for in a manner that filled every heart with sorrow, and shrouded every countenance in gloom. We had been in the rifle pits but a short while when day began to dawn. The firing ceased for the most part; only a stray shell, now and then, ricocheted through our line, or burst above our heads. While thus waiting in the rifle-pits, expecting, with much solicitude, the dencuement, a solitary litter was seen advancing towards us over the field in our front; then, another and another, and anon, a sad procession was silently threading its way to the rear. No words were required to convey the sad tidings. The blood dripping from the litters, and the occasional groans of their mangled occupants who had led in the charge, as they passed through our line on their way to the rear, apprised us more unmistakably than language could have done, of the woful fact of the morning's disaster. The charge, though gallant, was unsuccessful.

ful, and five hundred noble Mississippians lay dead or dying in the moat that surrounded the fort upon which the attack had been made. A truce had been early secured, and all day long the sad procession moved on, silently and mournfully, in the discharge of its duty.

Among the many inexpressibly sad days of our military career, no member of the Regiment will, I am sure, fail to recognize this, the 29th day of November, 1863, as one of the most sad. All through that dismal day the words were ever recurring—"These are they who have passed through great tribulation." *Then*, we were confident of our ultimate success in the struggle; *now*, that the movement of the Southern people has received the sad but sweet epithet of the "lost cause," we should feel that it is more hallowed from its very loss!

The command remained in the rifle-pits in the vicinity of the point of attack until the night of December the 4th. This was the first experience of the Regiment in trench warfare, with which it afterwards (at Petersburg, Virginia,) became so thoroughly conversant.

Shortly after nightfall, on the 4th of December, 1863, Gen. LONGSTREET withdrew from Knoxville in the direction of South-western Virginia. This night's march is not easily forgotten. Its chief incidents were the number of small branches crossed, the burning fences on the roadside, and the fact that it continued throughout the entire night. In connection with the crossing of streams, the regiment will remember

with just pride, that it was complimented by General GRACE because it did not delay the column by seeking logs and rocks on which to pass over, but marched resolutely, and without halting, through the water. Every old soldier will appreciate this compliment. A commander has few more difficult tasks than the keeping of his line well together on a march. The difficulty is greatest on a dark night when there are numerous impediments, and the worst of impediments is a stream. There is no truer test of the discipline and other good qualities of a command, than the manner in which it conducts itself under such circumstances.

At daylight we had reached "Blain's Cross Roads," a point near "Lee's Springs," with which the command was familiar. Halting here about two hours, that those who had any might cook their scant rations, the march was continued to Rutledge, which was reached about dark. At this place a halt of two nights and a day was made. Our sojourn at Rutledge is memorable mainly on account of the scarcity of rations, and the numerous expeditions of the men through the surrounding country in consequence thereof.

As an instance of the latter, the *survivors* of a squad of six or eight men will remember, that on the second night, (which was a clear, wintry, starlight night,) they sallied forth from camp, took under their arms some empty glass jars standing on the shelves of an abandoned confectionary in the village, crossed the bridge which spans the stream running by, and made their

way along a road winding through the mountains a distance of about six miles. They will recollect, that having advanced thus far they reached and entered a shanty, where, after being welcomed by the inmates, a corn hoe-cake was cooked in their honor, and a cup of sorghum placed upon the board; that, after partaking of this repast they started forth in search of a settlement a few miles off in a nook in the mountains, at which their kind entertainer informed them there was "*honey*." They will remember how long they wandered through the mountain by-paths, each man with jar under arm; how, when they had well nigh despaired, they were overjoyed to behold the glimmer of a solitary light in a deep recess ahead; how they made for this light, and, on approaching, found that it proceeded from a log cabin of a single room, (*which was a good indication of honey*); how they advanced to the very walls of this rude mansion of the mountaineers, and on peeping through the cracks, saw within a family group, composed of an aged female, two blooming damsels of peach-blossom hue, and five representatives of the sterner sex. They will remember, on a slight noise being made on the outside, the expression of alarm which pervaded each face of this family group, saying, more plainly than words—"The creter company! the cretur company! they come! they come! Lord, save the bee-gums!" They will remember, that, the door being opened, the party entered, took their places around the fireside, and engaged in an animated discourse with the young

ladies, (who, if they had been dressed in male attire, and had exhibited no other indicia of their sex, would have disclosed it by their volubility). They will remember how the old lady smoked resolutely, and was inaccessible until a member of the party drew from his haversack a silver fork, (which he had brought from home), and presented it to her; whereupon, she removed her pipe from between her nose and chin, turned the fork over in her hand, gazing at it minutely and in evident glee, and finally delivered herself to the donor in this wise: "Lord love yer precious soul, honey; I shall never forget you for this. Clarissy, (turning to one of the damsels), you remember the silver spoon as I have often told you of, what belonged to your great-grandmother, and that was preserved as an arloom in her reticule that hung on the back of her chair as long as she lived? You remember, Clarissy? Well, this reminds me of that, and it shall stay in my backer-bag so long as I live—which, Lord knows, wont be long." This closing sentence, it will be remembered, was followed by a sigh and a rolling of the eyes heavenward, after which the pipe was replaced, and the aged female relapsed into her customary silence, her thoughts wandering *far back* towards her cradle or *not far onward* to her grave. And, finally, it will be remembered how this gift opened the heart of the family, and the contents of the richest of the bee-gums ranged along the sides of the house were placed in the glass-jars, when the party (their mission being accomplished) departed with a

benediction, and arrived at camp in time for roll-call, and in readiness for the day's march.

The first day's march after leaving Rutledge was long and arduous. "Bean's Station," which was soon to be the theatre of a bloody rencontre, was passed at about 11, A. M. At night the command went into camp on the roadside at a point, which was thereafter known as "Camp Corn." It received this name from the fact, that on that night the only rations issued were ears of corn. The army continued moving in the direction of South-western Virginia until about December 7th, when it had arrived at a point within five miles of Rogersville, Tennessee, and sixty miles from Knoxville. At this point, and in its vicinity, a halt was made until the morning of the 14th December.

BATTLE OF BEAN'S STATION.

While it was yet dark on the morning of the 14th, the men were aroused from their wet blankets and ordered to "fall in." It had been what is called falling weather the whole night. There were no tents in the Regiment, and each soldier was wet, and unrefreshed by wholesome slumber. The slow, steady rain continued throughout the day—and so did the march. Patiently the troops retraced their steps toward's "Bean's Station"—ankle deep in mud and inclining their heads to the rain as it fell. There was but one halt, and that was for a half hour at "Camp Corn," which was reached about 1 P. M. So great was the discomfort and so unremitting the march,

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that there was but little talking in the ranks ; almost the only sounds audible were the thumping of canteens, the steady tramping of the men, and the ceaseless falling of the rain. A more dismal day, or a condition more uncomfortable and forlorn can scarcely be conceived : blankets, wet and heavy—clothes, ditto ; stomachs, empty—haversacks, ditto ; *no sun in the heavens—no bacon in the Commissary* ; the temperature cold and penetrating, and no time to build fires to warm or dry by. Such are a few of the features of the situation.

The monotony of the march was unbroken until about 3½, P. M., when a commotion was observable at the head of the column. Soon the troops were brought to a halt, and the order issued to examine ammunition, fire off pieces and reload. Then followed a popping of caps and an irregular fire. These preliminaries of an engagement being dispatched, the march was resumed. But a short time had elapsed before a skirmish fire was heard ahead ; then, the Brigade was formed in line of battle, after which came the command, "Forward!—guide center!" Affairs were rapidly assuming a serious aspect. A branch was encountered and crossed. While passing through this branch the water was knocked up by balls, which were rapidly growing more frequent in their flying visits. The stream having been forded, a hill was ascended, and an orchard traversed. The balls had now begun to show some "method in their madness," and, ever and anon, a soldier threw up his arms and

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fell silently back, expiring with face upturned towards the weeping Heavens. Having reached the verge of the orchard, we saw before us, distant about three-quarters of a mile, the brick hotel and wooden outhouses of "Bean's Station." An open field lay before us, unenlivened by tree, stump, fence, or mound—with nothing that would screen yielding flesh and muscle from remorseless lead and iron—not even a corn-stalk! A gradual declivity, commencing at our point of observation, terminated at the Station. Immediately beyond the Station was a ridge, upon which the enemy had planted a line of battle of artillery, which commanded every foot of the ground over which our line was to advance. From the windows of the brick hotel, and from behind the outhouses, fences, rocks and trees in its vicinity, an occasional flash and puff of smoke indicated the presence of an enemy more to be dreaded, though less noisy in its fatal work, than the enemy upon the ridge. *To advance* seemed almost certain death; *to retreat* was a certain advance towards chains and slavery. The election of the former of these alternatives was made without hesitation. There was no halt—the line moved steadily forward. The balls flew thicker and with increasing precision. Anon, the artillery opened from the ridge, and full in our faces hurled its bursting entrails and deafening thunder. But the Confederate line, unabashed, bore resolutely onward.

A quarter of a mile being gained, the command "Halt!—lie down!" was given, and mother Earth, all

muddy and unseemly as she was, was never hugged more closely by her sons. This embrace, however, was brief—the best of friends must part: the line was ordered to move forward. The men rose promptly at the word and advanced rapidly a quarter of a mile further; a second time came the order, “Halt!—lie down!” This halt was briefer than the last. We were now within easy range of the enemy’s infantry, in the midst of an open field. Instead of occasional puffs of smoke from the windows of the brick hotel, there poured forth from each a continuous stream of flame. The rain fell without ceasing—the wind blew chillily. The hands of numbers of the men became so numb from cold, that they were unable to manipulate their pieces. Night was approaching; a wooden stable caught on fire, and the red flames leaping heavenward cast a baleful light upon the scene. The second halt, I say, was briefer than the first—there was no time, no place for halting. Almost spontaneously the Regiment sprang to its feet, and with a cheer, rushed for the wooden outhouses surrounding the hotel. The enemy made the best of the opportunity afforded them for the exercise of their marksmanship during this final charge. The plain over which we had advanced was dotted here and there with the prostrate forms of the fallen, growing more numerous the nearer the hotel. The wooden outhouses being reached, a feeling of security pervaded the Regiment; but this feeling was of short duration. We were soon admonished by a shell which passed

through the top of the building under which we had taken shelter, coming from one of our own batteries stationed in our rear, that the Regiment had advanced far beyond the main line and was now exposed to the fire of both sides. The colors of the Regiment were prominently displayed to arrest the attention and fire of the artillery—but to no purpose. A second shot came lower than the first—and, then, a third, ranging about three feet from the ground, fell into the midst of a group of men, killing two, (and cutting off the coat-tail of a Lieutenant of Co. F). Seeing that there was no other means of putting a stop to their misdirected fire, a messenger was dispatched to the battery to apprise them of their ruinous mistake. The messenger, quitting the shelter of the houses, made the perilous trip across the ball-swept plain at a double-quick, and reached the battery just as the matches were being applied for a fourth broadside into our devoted ranks. Speechless from rapid running, he succeeded with some difficulty in arresting the fire by his gestures. The artillerymen, who had been in high glee on account of the execution they imagined they were doing in the ranks of the enemy, were correspondingly chagrined on being informed of their error.

The engagement terminated after the charge of the 60th Alabama Regiment. The enemy, hastily abandoning their position, betook themselves to flight; and night reaching down, snatched from the Confederates the fruits of their well-earned victory.

The survivors of the Regiment bivouacked on the very spot at which their charge had terminated ; the wounded were carried to the temporary field-hospital by the litter corps ; and the dead lay as they fell, "sleeping that sleep which knows not breaking"—their frigid hands still clasping their guns, their lifeless locks, scattered rudely by the night wind, and their pallid faces drenched and beaten by the rain-drops!

Better far, to have slept that sleep upon that rude and comfortless couch, exposed to the rigor of the elements, than to have lived the heart-broken spectators of their country's helpless woe and their countrymen's dishonor!

Thus ended the "Battle of Bean's Station." In this affair the Regiment lost eighty-three in killed and wounded—twenty-seven of that number killed or mortally wounded. This loss was probably more than the aggregate loss of the remainder of the troops engaged, and is conclusive evidence of the fact that the regiment bore the brunt of this spirited engagement. I should not omit to mention as an incident of this battle, that Gen. GRACIE received a slight but exceedingly annoying wound on the point of his left elbow, which deprived his Brigade of his invaluable presence during the remainder of the campaign.

After two days spent in the vicinity of Bean's Station, the command crossed the Holston river and moved to Morristown. At this place, which was on the East Tennessee & Virginia Rail Road, about forty miles from Knoxville, the army remained about four

weeks. This time was occupied mainly in building winter-quarters. The cold during this period was intense, and blankets, clothing, and commissaries, scarce. The suffering of WASHINGTON'S army at Valley Forge, if it equalled, certainly did not exceed that of LONGSTREET'S army, while located at this place. Many of the men were disabled by frost-bitten feet. Having no shoes, they would go forth to duty on the snow and frozen ground, barefooted or with tent-cloth tied around their bleeding feet.

It will, perhaps, be remembered by the infantry that during this stay at Morristown the cavalry were kept well up to the front by Gen. LONGSTREET, and were almost daily engaged in sharp encounters with the enemy. The infantry of GRACIE'S Brigade were carried out on but one occasion, when, coming in contact with a body of Federal cavalry, they dispersed it without firing a gun except from the skirmish line, and returned to camp.

The Regiment will recollect what labor the winter quarters at Morristown cost—how they went out through the snow to cut the timber and rive the boards—and how with boiling water they mixed up the frozen earth with which to daub them. They will remember how comfortably they felt the first night they slept in the rude huts which had risen up under their hands, and how pleasant to their ears was the sound of the night-wind without and the soft pattering of the snow upon the boards overhead. But all this comfort, procured at such an outlay of labor in

mid-winter, had to be given up as soon as procured. The houses had been completed not more than three days, when the order to move was received, and the command marched forth over the snow and frozen ground, casting at the outset many a lingering look behind. To any but soldiers this would have been a grievous trial; but the soldier is inured to such crosses—it is his fate to be moved invariably just as he gets himself comfortably quartered.

Dandridge, a picturesque village on the French Broad river, was the next point reached. A halt was made here until the evening of the 29th of January, 1864. On this evening the troops were put in motion by Division Commander, Brig. Gen. BUSHROD JOHNSON, and marched through the French Broad. At the point at which the fording took place there were two islands dividing the river into three branches. Each of these branches was from seventy-five to one hundred yards wide. The water was waist deep, and the current swift. In order to keep from being washed down, the men crossed ten abreast, thus lending each other support. Notwithstanding this precaution, some of the men were tripped up and carried down by the current. Of this number was one little fellow with a big knapsack, who, as he floated down kicking and paddling with knapsack above water, looked very much like a large terrapin under full headway. He was rescued, however, and a landing was safely effected by the command on the further shore.

Scarcely had the fording been accomplished when

firing was heard ahead. The 23d Battalion of Alabama Sharpshooters was deployed forward as skirmishers, and soon came in contact with a party of "steep-creekers" (bush-whackers) and Yankee scouts. A brisk skirmish ensued, which resulted in a hasty skedaddle on the part of the enemy. In this affair Capt. MIDDLETON, of Montgomery, received a dangerous wound in the abdomen.

The command encamped that night and the following day and night at a point about a mile from the river. On the morning of the second day after the crossing, the march was resumed and continued until sunset. The boggy condition of the road rendered this day's march very laborious. The command passed the night in camp on the roadside, and early the next morning was formed and moved back towards Dandridge over the same road it had traveled the day before. The camp on the "Trench Broad," which had been occupied the evening after the *fording*, was again taken possession of by the weary men. This was one of those apparently fruitless expeditions with which every old soldier is familiar, which put to a severe test his equanimity—and the most illustrious example of which is given by that famous French warrior, who,

"——with twice ten thousand men.

Marched up the hill and then marched down again."

The next morning was occupied in ferrying the command across the river in flatboats. The old camp at Dandridge was re-occupied and retained several days.

The next movement was to Brabson's Ferry. The halt at this place will be remembered mainly on account of the intensity of the cold, the crowded character of the encampment, and the consequent almost insupportable amount of smoke with which the atmosphere was filled. It may not be amiss to mention an incident which occurred here, and which afforded the Regiment some amusement at the time.

The guard-quarters of the Regiment, it will be recollected, were immediately on the roadside. Lieut. G——, who was officer of the guard on this occasion, had just returned from a long furlough, and consequently was not very familiar with the *personnel* of our Division Commander, Gen. BUSHROD JOHNSON. The General, with his staff, was riding by, and observing that the guard was not turned out, called in a stern voice for the officer of the guard. Lieut. G—— being informed who the General was, hastily formed the guard and brought them to a "present." The General inquired the cause of the Lieutenant's tardiness, to which he replied that he did not know who he (the General) was. "Well, sir," said the son of Mars, "it was your duty to have known;" and having thus delivered himself, passed on. The Lieutenant did not recover from his surprise and confusion for some moments, when he dismissed the guard, and remarked, after that matter-of-fact style for which he was noted: "Well, boys, I always knew that a man could not plead ignorance of the law, but it had never occurred to me that a soldier was conclusively presumed to know his division commander."

From Brabson's Ferry, the command was moved to "Lick Creek," passing on its march to the latter place the old camp at Dandridge, and occupying it the first night. In the vicinity of "Lick Creek" a halt of several weeks was made. The time was spent mostly in drilling. One of the most memorable incidents of this time was the building of a bridge across Lick Creek, and the passage of the troops thereon at night. A day and night of greater physical discomfort has seldom been endured than was the day and night of this passage. The rain fell during the whole day, and the wind was cold and penetrating. The troops stood in mud ankle deep for quite two hours, waiting the passage of the artillery. Their suffering during this time is indescribable. Though the command was put in motion early in the morning at a point not more than three miles distant from the bridge, the passage was not effected until after midnight. The discomfort of the troops while actually crossing, was heightened by the insecurity of the bridge, both ends of which were covered by the swollen stream. So badly were the different commands scattered during the night, that stragglers were coming in to a late hour on the succeeding day. It is only necessary to mention the crossing of Lick Creek to bring it vividly before the mind of each soldier who participated in its hardships.

Shortly after this crossing there occurred one of the most creditable events in the history of the Regiment—the re-enlistment of the troops for the war. The

was the last night spent by the command on the soil of Tennessee—that soil which had been crimsoned with much of the best blood of the Regiment, and in whose capacious embrace lay the mortal remains of such numbers of its fallen members! This point of time may, also, be fitly taken as the terminus of “LONGSTREET’S Winter Campaign in East Tennessee;” though the active operations of this campaign ended with the crossing of Lick Creek, or, perhaps, at an earlier period than that.

When we take into consideration the rigorous character of the climate; the fact that the campaign was conducted in mid-winter; that Gen. LONGSTREET was separated from the main army, so that he was dependent for food and clothing on what he could glean from an already thrice-ravaged country; that the command was constantly on the move, so that it was impossible to build and occupy winter-quarters; when we look back at the marches by day and by night, through mud, snow, ice, sleet, rain; the fording of streams, especially that of the French Broad, in the month of January; the snow-white plains of Morristown, stained with the blood of cracked and swollen feet; the fighting at Bean’s Station, Knoxville and other places;—when we regard all these facts and incidents, and the manner in which they were submitted to, it may be safely asserted, that the annals of warfare present few, if any, parallels with this campaign in point of hardship, and that the heroic endurance of the troops was never surpassed!

CHAPTER III.

VIRGINIA—SKIRMISH WITH SHERIDAN IN FRONT OF RICHMOND—
BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF—RICHMOND.

ONLY one night was spent at Bristol. At dawn of the next day the troops were put in motion, and by 3 P. M. in the afternoon had reached the ancient village of Abingdon, Va. Here a halt of about a week was made. The encampment at this place was one of the most pleasant and beautiful ever occupied by the command; it was in the midst of a grove of majestic oaks. All who were then present will readily call to mind this stately grove, and the picturesque town of Abingdon. (Abingdon is one of the most ancient towns of the Old Dominion, and bears upon its exterior many of the marks of honorable age.)

On the 26th day of April, 1864, the troops were placed aboard the cars at Abingdon, and transported via Lynchburg to Richmond, arriving at that city on the 28th. In the vicinity of Richmond the command remained until the 6th of May, first at "Camp Lee," and then, about five miles from the city on the "Mechanicsville Pike." The citizens of Richmond, especially the ladies, gave GRACIE'S Brigade cordial greetings on its frequent marches and counter-marches through the city. The Brigade bore visible tokens of the roughness of the campaign through which it had

just passed. Many of the men were hatless. The matrons and misses brought forth the cast-off beavers of their dainty lords and pa-pa's, and bestowed them upon those whose heads were uncovered. The recipients of these unmilitary head-pieces were greeted as they passed along with the peremptory order—"Come out of that bee-gum, now! You need n't say you are not thar, for I see your feet a wiggling!" &c. Provisions, also, were brought out in waiters, and disappeared as rapidly as snow-flakes on a river. The men of GRACIE'S Brigade will never forget these demonstrations of sympathy and gratitude made by the ladies of Richmond on their frequent marches and counter-marches through the city. The highest reward of manly merit (on earth) is woman's smile. The soldier, fighting in his country's cause, deserves and can appreciate that reward; but the craven who would not strike for his native heath, does not merit, and is not gifted with the capacity to appreciate this richest boon of the patriot; he is a foul, unnatural monster, (*lusus nature*), meriting rather woman's oath, and too much honored, should he be permitted to be hewer of wood and drawer of water for valiant men.

On the 6th of May an order was received to move to Drewry's Bluff. This order was in consequence of the arrival of BUTLER'S fleet at Bermuda Hundred. The command was at once marched from the camp on the "Mechanicsville Pike" to Richmond, placed on board steamers, and transported to Drewry's Bluff.

The trip by water from Richmond to Drewry's Bluff was full of novelty and interest for troops who had served during the last two years for the most part in the mountains of East Tennessee. A short while before sunset, the Bluff was reached and the men landed. After a brief halt, the command was formed and marched about two miles through woods and darkness, and placed in position at a point on which it was anticipated that the enemy would advance the next morning. This point was outside the arc of breastworks and batteries which encircled Drewry's Bluff on the land side. Our command was expected to engage the enemy on their approach, and fall slowly back to the line of fortifications. The men, fatigued and sleepy, wrapped their blankets around them and laid themselves down beside their guns, awaiting the coming of the morning and the enemy. The morning came, but brought no foe; and the troops were marched within the works and placed in very comfortable quarters.

No collision was had with the enemy until the 9th when slight skirmishing and much manœuvering at double-quick was gone through with by a portion of the command. On the 10th, the whole command moved out some distance for a *reconnoissance in force* and, coming in contact with the enemy in superior numbers, returned to its position within the main line of defense. This was a very fatigueing day, the heat being great and the double-quicking extensive. Several members of the Regiment were wounded on this

occasion; but no lives were lost. Some severe fighting was done during the day by other troops.

From the 10th until the night of the 11th, the utmost vigilance was exercised, an attack being imminent at any time. The men were kept day and night in line of battle behind the works. On the evening of the 11th, the command was moved out about a quarter of a mile and halted in the road. While halting in this position, a cloud in passing over emptied its contents upon our heads. At dark, fires were built and preparations made for spending the night. Just as the horses of the field-officers were unsaddled and the soldiers had laid themselves down on the wet ground for a night's repose, the familiar words, "get ready to move," passed up and down the line. The men sprang from their damp couches, hastily repacked their knapsacks, shouldered their guns, fell in, and in less than ten minutes were *en route* for Richmond. The march was kept up through the night.

At daybreak, the town of Manchester—which is separated from Richmond by the James—was reached. As the troops passed through, the dogs barked, the cocks crowed, the cows lowed, and many a *night-capped* head was hastily thrust forth and as hastily withdrawn. Each advance and retreat of this description was greeted by a genuine Confederate cheer.

The march was continued without a halt over the bridge spanning the James and connecting Manchester with Richmond, into and through the city of

Richmond. While passing through the city, the occasional discharge of artillery ahead informed us of the cause of our night march. Sheridan was in the neighborhood, and threatening an attack momentarily. By the time the business part of the city had been traversed, and we had reached a quarter occupied by residences, the sun was well up and the population astir. We were now cheered on to duty by the beautiful daughters of Richmond, singly and in groups, waiving kerchiefs and Confederate flags from window, balcony or portico. Here and there were the mothers, and sisters, and wives of those who had fallen in previous battles, dressed in mourning, with streaming eyes, calling on Heaven to protect and bless us, and pointing us significantly towards the quarter whence proceeded the sound of the enemy's cannon. This was a novel experience to the men of GRACIE'S Brigade. It is true that the memory of the absent fair was ever present with them, whether duty hurled them on the foe in mountain fastness or more sanguinary plain; but never before had woman, on the eve of battle, filled them with lofty ardor by her immediate presence. They had met the enemy heretofore in rural districts, desolated by the blighting sweep of armies which had left in its track nothing of woman and her loveliness; when they fell, they had died where they fell on the field of battle, exposed to the elements, or in rude hospitals. But now the situation was different. The scene of conflict was to be on the outskirts of a populous city—a city noted for all that is true and

beautiful in woman and great in man—a city, the seat of government of their struggling country—a city, that had already been consecrated by the blood of thousands shed in its defense. All this was not lost upon the troops. Notwithstanding they had marched during the entire night, their step was brisk and elastic, and the display of a Confederate flag from window or balcony never failed to elicit a cheer.

When the line of fortifications on the outskirts of the city had been reached, the command was halted for a short while, after which it was moved to the left some distance. Halting again, the Brigade was formed in line of battle, with a piece of artillery placed in the interval between each Regiment. Then came the command "Forward!" and the line moved over the field to meet the foe. It was remarked by the various city battalions and companies which remained behind in the works, that they never beheld anything finer than this forward movement in line of battle of GRACIE'S Brigade. An open field was crossed in this manner. On reaching the woods beyond, the enemy made their presence known by shells which cut down the bows of trees above our heads; but, fortunately, without inflicting much damage. The forest was penetrated about half a mile, the enemy keeping up a brisk skirmish and artillery fire. During this time a heavy shower of rain fell, thoroughly wetting the troops. At length, SHERIDAN evincing a determination to reject the proffer of battle, the Brigade was slowly withdrawn and placed within

the works. In this affair the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment lost eight men wounded ; and Gen. GRACE, while placing a gun in position, had his horse shot under him.

The remainder of the day was occupied in marching and counter-marching up and down the line of defenses. During a large portion of the time rain was falling, and the troops were completely drenched. This was, take it all in all, a stirring day. President DAVIS rode frequently by the troops, accompanied by other high officials, many of whom were on duty behind the works, (among that number I may mention Chancellor Wade Keyes of Alabama, then Assistant Attorney General of the Confederate States). Night came finally, and the troops were suffered to go into camp. The blankets and clothing of the men were almost thoroughly wet, and the ground was in a similar condition ; but it did not require a couch of *dry down* to induce slumber to the eyelids of men, who, for thirty-six hours, had marched incessantly.

This camp was retained until the evening of the 13th, when the command was moved four miles to a point near the "Mechanicsville Pike." A heavy rain drenched the men just as they were establishing themselves at this point for the night. Shortly after dark, when those not on duty had laid themselves down to sleep, came the order, "Get ready to move." The command was promptly formed and marched to Richmond, through the city, and across the river to the town of Manchester, reaching that place about two hours

before day, and halting on the side-walk until morning. The good citizens of Manchester were not startled on this occasion, as they had been the morning of the 12th; the troops were too much subdued by severe campaigning and loss of sleep to make much noise. A short while after daybreak the march was resumed, and continued, with occasional halts of an hour or so, until the close of day. The march this day was by a round-about way, and terminated at "Drewry's Bluff." Here we found a considerable congregation of troops, under the command of Gen. BEAUREGARD, and it was well understood, that an attack was to be made on BUTLER at an early hour. The enemy had now 'ablished their line close up to ours, and a heavy fire of pickets and sharp-shooters was going on day and night. The command went into camp and remained stationary until the morning of the 16th, expecting, and in readiness, to advance to the charge at any moment. At length, on the night of the 15th, it became certain that an attack would be made on the enemy's line early the next morning. Each man was supplied over night with sixty rounds of ammunition, and every thing gotten in readiness for a forward movement at dawn.

BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.

An hour before day on the morning of the 16th of May, 1864, the troops were gotten under arms, and marched slowly and silently to their allotted position for the attack. The morning was depressing in the extreme—damp and misty. Our approach was soon

detected by the enemy's pickets, who discharged a few shots and retired. The balls could be distinctly heard hissing through the dense atmosphere from the time they cleared the muzzles of the guns until they reached their lodgment, which was sometimes on the plain in our rear, sometimes in the ground in our front, and occasionally in the body of a Confederate soldier. And now, all the preliminary movements had been completed, and the line (more than a mile in length) was formed and ready to advance. Just as the day was midway in its dawning, the command "Forward!" was pronounced in the well-known tones of the lion-like GRACIE, and the whole moved off as one man. Nothing grander can be conceived than the forward sweep of a line-of-battle—it is unique, incapable of illustration. An advance of but a few yards had been made when a volley was received from the enemy. This volley was (as usual) responded to with a cheer and a rush on the part of the Confederates. The battle now opened in earnest. A dwelling and outhouses stood on the portion of the field occupied by the Regiment. As these buildings were passed in the charge, the sound of the enemy's balls striking against them was similar to the noise of a severe hail. The artillery opened, also, and lent its thunder-tones to the hurly-burly of the battle; peal followed peal, and the solid earth shook beneath rapidly succeeding explosions. Amid the smoke and tumult, the Confederate flag was steadily advanced, and, after an hour's fighting, the enemy had been

driven from their entire line of works, and were hastily retreating. A large number of prisoners was captured, and multitudes of the enemy wounded and slain. It is believed, that if the movement from the direction of Petersburg had been as successful as that under the immediate supervision of Gen. BEAUREGARD from Drewry's Bluff, Butler's entire force might have been taken or destroyed.

The following extract is taken from BEAUREGARD'S report of this battle:

* * * * * "RANSOM moved at 4.45 A. M., being somewhat delayed by a dense fog, which lasted several hours after dawn and occasioned some embarrassment. His Division consisted of the following Brigades in the order mentioned, commencing from the left: GRACIE'S, KEMPER'S, (commanded by Col. TERRY,) BARTOW'S, (under Col. FRY,) and Col. LEWIS' (HOKE'S old Brigade.) He was soon engaged—carrying at 6 A. M., with some loss, the enemy's line of breastworks in his front, his troops moving splendidly forward to the assault, capturing five stands of colors and some five hundred prisoners. The Brigades most heavily engaged were 'GRACIE'S' and 'KEMPER'S,' opposed to the enemy's right, *the former turning his flank*. Gen. RANSOM then halted to form—reported his loss heavy, and troops scattered by the fog, his ammunition short, and asked for a Brigade from the reserve."

When this halt was made, Gen. GRACIE rode up, amid the smoke and tumult, to the position held by

the 60th Alabama Regiment, and complimenting it for its gallant bearing in the charge just concluded, said, "*The Sixtieth Alabama Regiment never falters!*"

The loss of the Regiment was about thirty-eight in killed and wounded. Among the wounded was Lieut.-Col. DANIEL S. TROY, shot through the left arm. The other Regiments of the Brigade lost more heavily, some of them having been very badly cut up. (Col. MOODY, of the 43d Alabama, received a severe wound in the ankle, and Col. BOLLING HALL, of the 59th, lost a leg.)

The command did not advance after the halt made by Gen. RANSOM, mentioned in the foregoing extract from Gen. BEAUREGARD'S report. The remainder of the day and night was spent on the field of battle. On the following day (the 17th), the retreating foe was followed up as far as the "Howlet House," in the vicinity of which point the command remained until the 20th. The three days spent at this position will be remembered by the command, on account of the rapidity with which they there threw up several lines of breast-works, and the enormous shells which were hurled into our lines, day and night, by the Federal gunboats.

On the 21st day of May, the Brigade was withdrawn from the neighborhood of the "Howlet House" and marched to Chaffin's farm, on the North side of the James. On the following morning, the 60th Alabama Regiment was detached from the Brigade and placed on duty in the city of Richmond. The Regi-

ment remained on duty in the city from May 22d until the 19th of June following. The two camps principally occupied during this time, were the camp in the fine grove near the City Reservoir, and the camp in rear of Oak Grove Cemetery. Both of these camps were very pleasant and beautiful. The guard duty was heavy, each man being on post almost every night. The principal points guarded were the "Libby" and "City" prisons, the Bridges, and the various buildings occupied by the Government. On the whole, however, the period spent on duty in Richmond was an agreeable episode in the career of the Regiment--certainly preferable to the severe campaigning which had been previously gone through with.

On the night of the 19th of June, the familiar but somewhat unwelcome order came, "Get ready to move." The tents were struck, and the Regiment, with considerable regret, marched off from its pleasant encampment in the rear of the Oak Grove Cemetery, was placed on board the cars, and transported to the vicinity of Bottom's Bridge. A day was spent at this point, the men amusing themselves by bathing and fishing in the stream running by. On the second morning after the arrival at the Bridge, the command was moved by the right-flank to the James. The march this day, on account of the heat and dust, was exceedingly fatigueing and unpleasant. At this position (Deep Bottom), the Regiment remained until July 7th, doing some severe duty in throwing up breast-works

and on picket. The Federal gunboats kept up an occasional shelling, inflicting, however, scarcely any damage.

Perhaps the most interesting occurrence at this point was an animated artillery combat between the gunboats and some Confederate land-batteries. The shells fired from these boats were of almost incredible size—each one was a magazine in itself. On striking the earth, they created an excavation from six to ten feet in diameter and from four to five feet in depth, sufficiently capacious for the burial place of a platoon of men. As one passed high overhead, it sounded very much like a flock of wild geese, and, on exploding near at hand, the whizzing and buzzing of the fragments reminded one of the noise made by the spindles of a cotton-factory in full blast. The land-batteries could hold no hand with these young earth-quakes; they were soon rudely boxed out of breath and countenance, and made a narrow escape from being entombed alive.

On the 7th of July, came the long-anticipated order for the Regiment to rejoin the Brigade, which was now at Petersburg. The Regiment was relieved by the remnant of BUSHROD JOHNSON'S Tennessee Brigade. This devoted band of Tennesseans, whose ranks were full but a few weeks before, could now muster scarcely a hundred men. Their numbers had been thus reduced by constant fighting for weeks past in defense of Petersburg and the Richmond & Petersburg Rail Road. Their ball-riddled ensigns, tattered

uniforms, powder-stained faces, bloody litters and skeleton ranks, spoke eloquently of the severity of the ordeal to which they had been subjected and not found wanting. Too high encomium cannot be pronounced upon BUSHROD JOHNSON'S Tennessee Brigade. They had left their own homes in the possession of the enemy, and now had, almost to the last man, unhesitatingly poured out their lives on the soil of Virginia—

"—— blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss."

Late on the evening of the 7th of July, 1864, the encampment at Deep Bottom was broken up, and the line of march taken for Petersburg. At about midnight the James River was crossed a short distance below Drewry's Bluff, on a pontoon bridge. After crossing, the march was continued, the command passing over that part of the field which had been occupied by it in the charge on the morning of the 16th of May. Though it was but little after midnight and the moon was not visible, the men at once recognized the locality at which they had so completely routed the foe, and which had been consecrated by so much precious blood. There were the breast-works behind which the enemy had lain and received our charge; there was the timber shattered by artillery and gashed by minnie balls—and, there were dimly seen in the darkness the lowly hillocks beneath which slept the fallen, fast disappearing under the erasing

influence of the rains. It was some consolation, and we gazed upon these humble mounds, to realize that—

“ Though 't is pleasant to find one's last resting place,
Beneath the churchyard's sacred sod ;
Yet the grave of the soldier in battle slain
Is guarded by the self same GOD.”

As the Regiment filed, slowly and silently, across the battle-field, each soldier's memory was filled with the bloody and stirring deeds which had been there enacted. The silence of the spot and the midnight hour was strongly contrasted in our minds with the martial tumult of the battle of the 16th.

At a point about three miles beyond the field of Drewry's Bluff, on the turn-pike leading to Petersburg, a halt was made until daylight. With the dawn of the 8th, the march was resumed and continued until about 2 P. M., when Petersburg was reached. This day's march, in consequence of the heat, was exceedingly exhausting. In confirmation of this statement, it is only necessary to mention the fact that that staunch soldier, Capt. McRELESS, came very near fainting by the roadside.

CHAPTER IV.

PETERSBURG AND THE TRENCHES.

THE Cockade City, on the arrival of the Regiment, presented a nondescript appearance. It is uncertain whether it might be more fitly pronounced a huge camp, or hospital, or graveyard—it was a combination of these three in about equal proportions. Tokens were everywhere present to the eye, of the severity of the bombardment to which it had been and was still being subjected at intervals. Its residences and business houses were shattered and shot through and through by shells; its streets were covered with brick, mortar, and glass; and its church steeples were shorn of their commanding height. The portions of the city most exposed to the enemy's fire were entirely abandoned; only a stray cat was seen, now and then, gliding hurriedly across thoroughfares which had been the very heart of the business-life of the city. It was a sad, strange sight—those desolate haunts of manufacture and commerce. The long, silent avenues brought forcibly to mind the story of the Enchanted City in the "Arabian Nights' entertainments." On entering a store on one of these streets, you would have almost expected to find the merchant at his desk, the clerks with yard-sticks in hand behind the counters, and the ladies

out shopping in the act of examining the fabrics submitted to their inspection, all motionless and silent under the influence of some mysterious spell.

The families who were unable to leave their homes in the city had made excavations (bomb-proofs, so-called), in their back yards. Whenever the enemy commenced shelling, the mother and little ones took refuge in these holes in the ground, and sat there nestling close to each other, with hearts quaking, as the ground trembled beneath exploding mortars. On the outskirts of the city were camped, in tents, families who had been expelled from luxurious homes by the enemy's fire. To these tents had been brought the piano and other musical instruments, and from beneath their folds, the proud but saddened daughters of Petersburg poured forth the stirring anthems of Dixie. In these tents, too, might be seen the mistress of the family with work-basket by her side, and under the tree near by the venerable grand-father, with Bible lying open on his lap, presenting (minus the Bible), a truly patriarchal scene.

The Regiment arrived at Petersburg on the 8th of July, 1864, at 2 P. M. A halt of a half hour was made at Jarratt's Hotel, whence we moved to the point at which the Brigade was located. The Brigade was not then in the "Trenches," but was encamped in an apple orchard about a quarter of a mile from Blanford Cemetery, and a half mile from the line occupied by the army. At this point shells were

tantly passing overhead, and, occasionally, minnie balls. A cordial welcome was given to the Regiment by the remainder of the Brigade, and mutual relations of incidents in the career of each during their separation occupied much of the time until the night of the 9th. On that night (July 9th, 1864,) the Regiment, with the rest of the Brigade, entered the "Trenches," and remained in them at various points (with the exception of only two nights) until March 14th, 1865. The movement into the Trenches commenced about dark and occupied the larger portion of the night. The length of time consumed was on account of the narrowness of the "Trenches," and the fact that the covered ways leading to them being incomplete, afforded so little protection from the balls which were flying thick and fast, that the men were compelled to march half-bent. The whizzing and hissing of the constant stream of minnie balls, the occasional descent and explosion of a mortar, taken in connection with the darkness and our ignorance of the locality, rendered this entrance of the "Trenches" most trying and uncomfortable—it was, probably, as unpleasant as groping in the darkness of the midnight hour, among a chaos of chairs, cradles, and other *domestic accoutrements*, in search of the paregoric bottle, in response to the plaintive appeal of an aggrieved and weeping infant. At this time the "Trenches" were in an embryo state, not sufficiently wide for comfort, nor deep enough for protection. No bomb-proofs had then been built on the

main-line, and a situation of greater exposure and discomfort can scarcely be conceived. The heat was excessive—there was no protection from the rays of the sun; the trench was so narrow that two men could scarcely pass abreast, and the fire of the enemy was without intermission. The first position occupied by the Regiment, was that in the vicinity of the point afterwards known as the "Crater," from the mine exploded there on the 30th of July.

Perhaps I cannot give a truer idea of the spirit and situation of the troops at that time, than is conveyed by a communication addressed to the *Montgomery Advertiser*, by a member of the Regiment, shortly after its entrance into the Trenches, and while located at that point. I give it in full:

"CAMP 60TH ALABAMA REGIMENT, IN THE TRENCHES,
"Before Petersburg, Va., July 19, 1861."

"MR. EDITOR:—Though doomed at present to a subterranean abode which, in more than one respect, resembles the infernal world, I still take an interest in those who live and move above ground. Perhaps it is proper to state, that this interest is strictly benevolent, and not in the least satanic—for I am pleased to think, that my nature does not at all accord with my present surroundings, and that my case is not so hopeless as to justify me in adopting the language of the lost Archangel—

"Farewell! happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells. Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor."

"Having dispelled any alarm, which may have been

used in your mind by my first somewhat equivocal statement, I will give you some of the particulars of the situation at this point, explaining in what consists the demoniac character of an abode in the 'Trenches.' First, it is, for the most part, under-ground, in 'rat holes,' 'covered ways,' &c.; in the second place, the whole atmosphere is pervaded with sulphurous fumes, a constant incense rising day and night, at all hours, (from the altars of the god of war; in the third place, 'death' may be said to stalk visibly and audibly in our midst. The air is rent and torn with the incessant whizzing to and fro of leaden and iron missiles; and occasionally these relentless monsters bear some victim to the earth. As I lie in my 'rat hole' at night and listen to the many-toned shriekers careering spitefully above me, I am convinced that certain types of man (Yankee, for instance,) are very little removed from the Demon.

"In the three striking phases mentioned above, an abode in the Trenches before Petersburg is decidedly Plutonic; but in the essential elements of the world of evil, we are for the most part wanting. Here are no lost souls tortured by despair, but brave men enduring the extreme of physical suffering, cheerfully, in the most sacred and noble cause that ever engaged the energies of men. Our troops are in the best spirits, notwithstanding their long continued confinement to the Trenches, and the unremitting vigilance which they are called upon to exercise. They take great interest in drawing a bead on every piece of Yankee, however

minute, which may be for a moment exposed to their deadly aim. The two lines are distant from each other, at some places two hundred and fifty, and at others not more than eighty yards. Two men from each company at a time are required to keep the firing up, each man firing once in five minutes. This gives twenty shots to each regiment on the line every ten minutes. Firing at this rate is kept up from one end of the line to the other without intermission, day and night. Nor is the firing confined to small arms; mortars and heavy guns of every description disgorge themselves at short intervals, and at times the ground trembles beneath their combined explosions. When we lay ourselves down to rest at night, we have the comfortable assurance, that at any moment we may be called upon to receive a two hundred pounder as the companion of our slumbers. Occasionally, we exchange papers with the enemy. When this is to be done, we cease firing and hoist a paper above our breast-works, and some big-mouthed rebel cries out—'Want to swap papers, Yank?' If they are 'agreeable to this proposition,' they in like manner cease firing, and the 'ragged rebel' proceeds half way with his paper, where he is met by the 'Blue Belly,' and the exchange effected. In this manner gouty citizens, parlor warriors, neglected village generals, street-corner campaigners of every description, and the reading public generally, are supplied with 'the latest from the North.'

"No one citizen or soldier seems to have the least

apprehension that 'Ulysses' will take Petersburg. It would be hard to conceive how he would accomplish this object by his present mode of procedure.

"The Sixtieth Alabama Regiment has now been in the Trenches six days. The hardy veterans of this gallant Regiment present quite an interesting spectacle, crowded in the narrow trenches; some writing to their true-loves; some cooking, with their hats over their frying pans, to keep off the dirt and dust knocked up by the enemy's balls; some sleeping, and some standing to their guns. It would do their friends at home good to view them at this moment. More anon. ENJOLRAS."

The foregoing letter purports to have been written after the command had been in the "Trenches" but six days, and this period of six days is termed a "long confinement." The writer little imagined, that the Regiment was destined to occupy those "Trenches" for more than eight months. (This may be chronicled as one of the countless illustrations of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator in not bestowing upon us the power to lift the veil of the future.)

A few days before the 30th of July—a day ever memorable with the then occupants of the Trenches—the command was moved to a point about a half a mile to the left of its first position and about a quarter of a mile to the left of the Norfolk Rail Road. This movement was at first much regretted by the men, as they had begun to get themselves pretty comfortably fixed up in their old quarters; but it proved to be a piece

of great good luck, as the Regiment thereby escaped being blown up by the explosion of the 30th. (This circumstance is suggestive of the fact, that that which seems at the time to be a great hardship may eventually prove to be a blessing, and hence, that we should always be very slow in pronouncing judgment in such cases).

The Mine of Gen. GRANT, which was touched off at daylight on the morning of the 30th of July, 1864, was one of the most extensive pieces of military engineering, in the shape of tunnelling, on record. It was so pronounced by Gen. BEAUREGARD in his report of the battle which its explosion inaugurated. The terminus of this Mine, it is said, was fully a quarter of a mile from its mouth, and directly beneath a Confederate Battery, which it was designed to blow up. The Mine in itself—as a piece of engineering—was a complete success; but the day's operations which it initiated, footed up badly for the enemy. In the immediate vicinity of the Mine, Gen. GRANT had massed a large force, negroes and Yankees—negroes in front. At the signal given by the explosion of the Mine, which shook the solid earth for leagues around, the enemy opened upon us with all their guns, large and small, for a distance up and down the line of three or four miles. Not less than two hundred cannon and ten thousand small arms opened at the earth-quake signal given by the Mine. The Confederate gunners, ever on the alert, sprang to their pieces and responded in thunder tones from as many iron throats. Simultaneously with this

appalling outburst, the Federal masses congregated in the rear of the Mine, rushed forward, and succeeded in capturing the Confederate works for a distance of about one hundred yards on both sides of the "Crater" created by the explosion. On advancing thus far and gaining thus much, however, instead of continuing to move onward, they halted in the captured works and commenced firing. This halt was their destruction. The Confederate batteries located in that vicinity and commanding that position, concentrated upon the unprotected masses of the foe, who lay vainly hugging the ground and calling upon the earth to shield them from the merciless deluge. The slaughter was terrific. In the meantime, that splendid Division known as "Mahone's Pets" moved up under cover of a hill, and charging the mangled masses, easily recaptured and re-established the Confederate line. The loss of the enemy in the neighborhood of the Mine was estimated at six thousand (6000); that of the Confederates, at twelve hundred (1200). By half past 10 A. M., the whole affair was over and the storm had subsided. His experience on that morning is given by the correspondent of the *Montgomery Advertiser* from the Regiment, in the following letter:

"SIXTIETH ALABAMA REGIMENT, IN THE TRENCHES, }
 "Before Petersburg, August 17. }

"MESSRS. EDITORS: Here we are still, just where we were when I wrote to you a month ago:

'Confined and pestered, in a 'bomb-proof' here,
 Striving to keep up a frail and feverish being.'

"The everlasting 'bang, bang, whiz, whiz,' is as

familiar to our ears as the rattling of the drays over your streets used to be, or as the ticking of the old family time-piece on the drawing-room mantle was in the days of our infancy; and when we miss the regular hourly booming of the mortars, we are reminded of the force of habit by the words which come involuntarily to our lips, 'Ma, the clock has run down.'

"The even tenor of 'life in the trenches' is sometimes interrupted, however, and the regular routine for a time discarded. These interruptions may be placed under the head of 'family jars'—the most note-worthy of which occurred on the 30th of July, being gotten up by 'ULYSSES' at his own expense, and with comparatively no cost to us. Perhaps I can give you some idea of the character of this 'jar' by a relation of my experience. I was aroused early on the morning of that memorable day by the noise of some tremendous explosion; this was immediately followed by a quiver in the ground—mother Earth was shuddering at the horrid deeds her sons were about to commit. My ears were next greeted by the words, 'Whoop! the earth is rising up!—a whole acre of ground is going up into the air over yonder!' In order to see a sight so novel, I rose hastily, but unfortunately striking my head against the top of my 'rat-hole,' I concluded I would have to deny myself that pleasure, and accordingly resumed my toilet arrangements, (which consisted in taking off my cap, smoothing the wrinkles which had been made in

it during my slumbers, and then re-adjusting the faithful garment for another twenty-four hours.) Having deliberately dispatched my toilet, I seized my weapon and emerged. On reaching the breastworks, I found the whole Regiment under arms, each man standing gallantly to his gun, our chivalrous Colonel and Major flashing up and down the line like meteors. But it needed no exertion on the part of the commanding officers of the Sixtieth Alabama, to cause her to give the foe a warm greeting should he show himself from behind his breastworks. The brave men who compose this Regiment had never known defeat; they had charged over open plains and driven the enemy from his works on the bloody fields of 'Drewry's Bluff,' 'Bean's Station,' and 'Chickamauga;' they were now eager for the fray, hoping that an opportunity had arrived for them to avenge their comrades, who lie scattered where they fell, from Chattanooga to Richmond. But they waited in vain: The enemy made no demonstration in our immediate front, beyond a furious cannonade. In this, however, they turned loose all their artillery upon us; mortars, field-pieces, siege-pieces, and heavy guns of every description and calibre, numberless in quantity, hurled at us every variety of shot and shell. We answered with all our might. The opposing missiles seemed to gnash their teeth and hiss at each other as they passed above our heads. Some made a noise like the frying of meat; some, like the simmering of tea in a tea-kettle; some,

like the twittering of snow-birds ; some, reminded one of an ancient bullfrog, who, as the shades of evening draw nigh, in a 'pleasing fit of melancholy,' soliloquizes on the legends of his race; others roared like lions, howled like wolves and hyenas, shrieked like human beings in agony. All these sounds, combined with the thunder of the explosions, formed a compound eminently sublime and terrific, realizing the lines—

'Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc;
Red Battle stamps his foot, and Nations feel the shock!'

"This terrible bluster, however, was comparatively harmless to us, owing to the protection afforded us by our works. Other portions of the line suffered severely; and in the immediate vicinity of the mine the destruction of the enemy has no parallel in this war. The 'butcher' feasted himself to satiety. A heavy blow was dealt to tyranny on the 30th of July. The Northern papers do not overrate the disaster.

It is universally believed that GRANT has taken a large portion of his forces from the lines in front of Petersburg. The fire has undoubtedly slackened—no shells have been thrown into the city for several days.

The news of the movements of the enemy's raiders in Alabama, excited the deepest interest in this Brigade—which is composed entirely of Alabamians—and the tidings which are being brought us daily by returned furloughed men, of the unanimity and spirit with which the citizens of Montgomery and its vicinity took up arms at the approach of the

invaders, has filled us all with pride and renewed confidence. Nothing is more essential for the preservation of the spirit and tone of our armies in the field, than that those who remain at home should display a proper spirit when the occasion requires.

Should any more 'family jars' arise, and he survive them, or anything of interest occur on this at present comparatively quiet line, you may expect to hear again from
ENJOLRAS."

The loss of the Regiment is spoken of in this letter as being *comparatively small*—namely, when compared with the loss in the vicinity of the Mine; but though small in comparison with the wholesale havoc at that point, it was not in itself inconsiderable—the loss being about five in killed and twenty-five in wounded. Capt. Lockhart's company, (D,) from Columbus, Georgia, sustained more than its due proportion of this loss.

The second position occupied by the command in the "Trenches"—that to the left of the Norfolk Rail Road—was on a hill-side, and very unpleasant. The right of the Regiment extended to the base of this hill, along which flowed a small branch. Whenever there was a heavy rain, this branch overflowed the quarters of the three companies on the right of the Regiment, (Captain Thomas Smith's Company "B," Capt. McReless' Company "G," and Capt. Stokes' Company "E"). The gallant men and officers of those companies were frequently compelled to stand to their posts knee-deep in mud and water for twenty-

four or thirty-six hours, their knapsacks and camp equipage floating around them in every direction, their great concern being to keep their powder dry. The other companies of the Regiment suffered much, also, during wet weather while we were located at this point. I should not omit to mention, that it was during our occupancy of this position, that Lieut. James Butt, of Columbus, Georgia, 1st Lieutenant of Co. "D," received, from the fragment of a shell, the wound which resulted in his death. His loss was much deplored by the whole Regiment; but, particularly, by his own company, of whom he was the pride. He was a young man of no ordinary mould—generous, high-toned, cultivated in person and mind—a fine specimen of the Southern soldier.

The next position occupied by the Regiment was at the point at which the line of "Trenches" crossed the Norfolk Rail Road, part of the Regiment being on the left, and the remainder on the right of that road. This position was decidedly "*hot*." (By a position's being *hot*, is meant, that it was a rendezvous for minie balls, and had a power of attraction by which it drew down upon itself all the mortar-shells thrown up in its neighborhood.) As an indication of the excessive *heat* of this locality, it was known along the line as "*Gracie's Mortar Hell!*" The pump which stood immediately on the Rail Road, had frequently to be repaired once or twice a day, in consequence of the rough treatment which it received from exploding shells; and the ground in that vicinity, from the same

cause, resembled very much a potato-patch freshly hilled up. It will be remembered, that just at this point, (Norfolk Rail Road), there was one of the most extensive subterranean galleries on the line. It is this gallery (or mine) which is referred to by the "correspondent of the *Advertiser*," in the letter below inserted, which was written while the Regiment was located here :

"SIXTIETH ALABAMA REGIMENT, }
"In the Trenches before Petersburg, Oct. 10, 1864. }

"MR. EDITOR: The Sixtieth Alabama Regiment has now been under ground three months, but, *mirabile dictu!* she lives—not only lives, but actually indulges a hope of being resurrected at some future day—how remote, it is impossible to say, but still anterior to the time when Gabriel shall sound the last trump. Our neighbor, farmer Grant, who cultivates the land adjoining Marse Robert's plantation, filled with a kindly feeling towards us, has used every effort to relieve us from our present position ; but his ingenious and benevolent expedient to elevate us to the surface of the earth, by means of gun-powder, having proved a signal failure, this philanthropic gentleman, with sorrow at his heart, has turned his attention to the improvement of his own farm, and is said to be busily engaged upon an enterprise, which, if successful, will add much to the irrigation of his broad acres.* There is one feature or appendage of the Trenches to which I have not yet called your attention, and that is the

*Dutch Gap Canal.

mine. Before entering upon a description of this institution, it is but proper that I should call to my assistance the Stygian deities, after the example of Virgil, when conducting the pious Æneas to the dark abodes of Pluto :

*"Ye great, tremendous powers, give me to tell,
Of scenes and wonders in the depth of Hell!"*

Having thus endeavored to propitiate the authorities, by compliance with this immemorial precedent; and having cautioned you to be of stout heart and remove your beaver, and at the same time to assume an attitude of great deference and humility, the head and shoulders being considerably depressed, I will proceed with you to the entrance, which is guarded by a Confederate 'Cerberus,' and resembles very much the mouth of a railway tunnel of a very diminutive size. After having passed the threshold, you will proceed some distance, when a sensation of chilliness will come upon you. While considering this phenomenon, your ears will probably be greeted by a low rumbling sound in your immediate front, which will be speedily followed by a smart rap upon the shins, whereupon you will be precipitated forward, head foremost, over a wheel barrow, (the only vehicle in use in those regions,) right into the arms of one of the goblins who haunt the place. Should you recover from this collision, and feel sufficiently courageous to proceed, I will lead you some distance, when you will discover a small light in the distance ahead. As you near this light, your attention will be arrested by a thumping, throbbing sound, which you will, on your arrival at

that point, discover to proceed from the mining operations at the terminus of the Mine, where the light is stationed. On an inspection of your surroundings, after the completion of your journey, you will see only a tallow candle burning, and a single individual working, silently and steadily, with a pick—thump—thump—thump. If you be in a meditative mood, the scene before you will call up many reflections upon the ingenuity and energy of man, and the consequences of the introduction of sin into the world; or, if you be disposed to give free rein to your imagination, and, for the one man with his pick, substitute a number of wrinkled beldames with broomsticks, you will be enabled to give vent to your feelings, in the following lines from Shakspeare:

‘How now? Ye secret, dark and midnight hags! what is it ye do?’

‘A deed without a name!’

At any time in the twenty-four hours, at midnight and noon, morn and eve, the scene in the Mine is the same; the tallow candle, the solitary and silent worker, the steady thumping of the pick. Two men at a time are sufficient to carry the work on—one with the pick, the other with the wheel-barrow. Fresh men are set to work at regular intervals; in this manner, the work is carried on without intermission. Having conducted you into the Mine, I shall leave you to make your way out by the same route by which you entered, hoping that you have sufficiently profited by your experience, to avoid a second collision.

“I have been thus particular in giving you instructions, because of the sad experience of some gentle-

men, citizens of Petersburg, who paid a visit to the Trenches some weeks ago, and endeavored to explore a Mine. These irreverent gentlemen neglected to take off their beavers and assume the position which I enjoined upon you; in consequence of which, they emerged with their hats crumpled and several of their phrenological bumps exhibiting an alarmingly morbid degree of enlargement. They were, moreover, so unfortunate as to leave one of their number behind, which they did not discover until they had gotten out. Their grief on his account was great, and a man with a candle was immediately dispatched in search of him. After some time, he was discovered at a point in one of the branches of the Mine, where a shaft had been sunk from the Trenches. (It is said that unfortunate gentleman was 'the dark object with bright eyes,' which some of the boys discovered that evening at the bottom of this shaft, and were concerting measures to fish up or destroy, supposing him to be a huge frog, or some terrible under-ground monster.) One of the gentlemen composing this party was the owner of the land. His only exclamation on making his exit from the Mine was—'Well, I know more of my land now than I ever did before!' This was some consolation, certainly. Much to the disappointment of 'the boys,' the enemy threw no mortars into our lines during the visit of these gentlemen. It struck us that it would be very amusing, indeed, to see those human forms, ensconced in polished boots, black cloth pants and coats, and snow-white shirts, surmounted by high-

heeled beavers, lying flat on their faces, or dodging around the corners of the 'traverses' to escape those terrible projectiles.

"The enemy are unusually quiet in our front; so much so, that the men are beginning to complain of a lack of 'mess money,' which they have been obtaining in abundance heretofore by picking up and selling to the Ordnance Department the iron hurled into our midst by GRANT's guns. When a solitary mortar comes over now, there are a dozen men ready to seize upon it in a short time after it falls. It is said that GRANT has very much weakened the intermediate portions of his line, in order to carry on vigorous operations on our flanks. This may be the cause of the unusual quiet reigning here. Every thing wears a bright aspect throughout the whole of this line. The enemy has suffered severely in his recent operations, especially on the 7th instant, when he lost ten guns, three hundred prisoners, and two lines of works on the north side of the James.

"Cold weather seems to have set in, in earnest, at last. We had our first frost this morning. The Trenches are rather disagreeable wintering places, but here we expect to stay, if GRANT is our only hope of being removed.

ENJOLRAS."

The command had occupied its position on the Norfolk Rail Road about two weeks, when it was again moved to the right—this time but a short distance, the left instead of the centre of the Regiment resting on the road. I here insert another letter from the

"*Advertiser's*" pertinacious correspondent—another voice from the deeps, lifted up from this new position of the Regiment :

"IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG, }
November 3, 1864. }

"MR. EDITOR: Much as we admire the man, we must admit that former Grant is rather nervous and fidgety. This we can only impute, however, to the excessive goodness of his heart, which will brook no delay in the accomplishment of his humane enterprises. In our last we informed you that he was supposed to be paying undivided attention to his 'Canal,' and it was thought, that no demonstration in our behalf would be made until the completion of that most important work. But his restless benevolence could not endure to await the slow and laborious process of drilling and blasting the James River granite, and so, on the 27th ultimo, he commenced operations on both his flanks—which operations, sad to relate! proved more complete and unmitigated failures than any which this devoted man had hitherto set on foot. This will bring home forcibly to our minds the painful truth, that the best men are not always the most discreet; and that even 'the wisest, virtuous, best,' may sometimes be guilty of indiscretions—which, however, serve no more to mar the general beauty and brilliance of their lives and characters, than do the spots on his disc serve to darken and disfigure the beaming countenance of the great fountain of light. As this subject cannot fail to be painful to sympathetic and virtuous

minds, I will dismiss it for the present, with the remark, that our position on this extensive line is of such a highly tenable and tenacious character, that GRANT, with all his zeal and vast resources, is likely never to be enabled to relieve us; and, in view of this fact, we are perfectly resigned and reconciled to our subterranean fate.

I cannot, however, as a faithful chronicler of 'Trench incidents,' pass without further notice the 27th of October. It was emphatically a day of storm. The madman, Mars, raged and foamed in a most lordly manner along almost the whole line, from Darbytown, on the north side, to the Boydton plank-road below Petersburg. At the latter point, the battle was in progress all day, almost without a lull, the prolonged roar of the musketry being interrupted only by the thunder of the artillery. This engagement, however, on account of its want of success, is styled a 'reconnoissance in force' by the enemy. A little after night-fall, the storm which had ceased on the right, broke out afresh in our immediate vicinity. All on a sudden, as we were tucking our blanket under us to keep out the prying cold, and composing our minds for slumber, rapid discharges of small arms were heard at a short distance from our right, and soon the heavens were filled with ascending and descending mortars, resembling, in their descent, falling stars; and shells from field pieces shot athwart the horizon from line to line like strokes of lightning. Every man was at his post on the banquette in a twinkling, with gun in hand,

awaiting calmly and silently, in the grim darkness, amid that terrific storm, the onset of the foe. But no foe came, and soon there was comparative quiet, and we, who were not on duty, betook ourselves to our 'rat holes' and dreamed of home. At 10 o'clock, we were again aroused, and again subjected to a furious cannonade, which, in like manner, soon ceased, when we once more returned to our bunks and were soon again blessed with visions of peace and gentleness. These disturbances were, perhaps, owing to the rage of the enemy on account of the want of success which had attended his operations during the day. Nothing of importance has occurred on the line from the 27th of October up to the present time, with the exception of the capture by Gen. Mahone, on the night of the 30th, of 230 Yankee pickets, without the loss of a single man, which is justly considered the most daring performance of the season.

* * * * *

"ENJOLRAS."

This is the last of the letters written by this irrepressible "Trencher," upon which I have been able to lay my hands. What is the cause of his subsequent silence, is a question of fact involved in obscurity. Whether, soon after writing this last letter, he went into a state of hibernation; or met his fate at the hands of his terrible antagonists, the mortars; or was buried beneath some falling bomb-proof; or lost himself in some Mine, and is now wandering in darkness and silence up and down those subterranean corridors,

philosophically meditating on the consequences of Eve's transgression; or was *resurrected* with the remainder of the Regiment on the 15th of March, 1865, and is now a threadbare and moody survivor of the "Lost Cause"—is uncertain. We can only hope for the best, and pray that he may turn out of his "*rat hole*" promptly at the last "*roll call*," when *Drum-Major Gabriel* shall send forth his bugle-blast to quick and dead; and that, on that final *Dress-parade* which shall take place in presence of the judgment seat, he may be seen in the ranks with no spot on his arms and accoutrements; with face well to the front at the position of "*parade rest*," awaiting the sentence—"Well done, good and faithful servant;" and, with knapsack on back and *well-filled* haversack by his side, ready for the march to the New Jerusalem!

During the latter part of the month of November, the command was again moved to the right—this time, about a quarter of a mile, and placed adjoining its first position in the "Trenches," in the vicinity of the "Crater," (or "Grant's Crater," as it was commonly called.) At this point the Regiment was located during the remainder of its stay in the "Trenches," and here was passed the brunt of the winter of 1864-5. The winter of 1863-4 in East Tennessee, under Gen. LONG-STREET, was one of terrible privation and exposure; but this winter passed in the "Trenches," surpassed it in these respects. This will be readily conceded on a consideration, in the first place, of the character of

these "Trenches," and the quarters of the troops occupying them. The main Trench was a wide ditch running parallel with the line of the enemy. Running back from this main Trench, at various angles with it, were other ditches—some extending to the suburbs of Petersburg, and being the avenues of egress and ingress to the Trenches called "covered ways," and others, running back only a short distance, having been dug out to give the troops room to build their bomb-proofs (or rat holes), the main line not affording sufficient space to accommodate all. The bomb-proof, or rat hole, which was the sleeping and cooking apartment, was an excavation, generally ten feet in length, eight in breadth, and from four to six feet deep. Some were smaller, and a few more commodious. The covering of these excavations consisted of pine logs laid side by side, upon which was thrown dirt to a depth of from three to six feet. In these holes in the ground, from three to eight men were crowded. None of these *so-called bomb-proofs* were in fact bomb-proof; they would only protect from fragments, and not from the entire shell. A hundred pound mortar shell, striking them fairly and not exploding, seldom failed to mash in the top, or drive through and burst on the inside. Numbers of men were killed in this manner unexpectedly to themselves, while eating, or chatting, or sleeping, unconscious of the approach of the descending mortar. During wet weather, these bomb-proofs were most uncomfortable. The soil, when thoroughly wet, being very unsubstantial, the sides frequently gave

way after a heavy rain, and the mass of logs and dirt constituting the roof, coming down upon the inmates, smothered or crushed them. By rains, moreover, the dirt over head was saturated, and after the water had ceased to fall from the heavens, there was a constant dripping from the roofs of these bomb-proofs—sometimes for a week after the falling of the rain. Water, also, oozed in from the sides and came up in springs from the floors, and it was nothing unusual to see water a foot deep in these damp under-ground abodes of living men. These were some of the main inconveniences of life in the "Trenches," resulting from wet weather. They will be more fully appreciated, when it is borne in mind, that the season was winter, that fuel was extremely scarce and of the poorest quality, (green pine and coal), and that the food of the troops was deficient, both in quantity and quality. To all this is to be added the *confinement*—in itself no slight evil; and last, but not least, the close proximity of the enemy, and the consequent severity of the duty. There was a constant round of guard duty, each man being on post eight hours out of every twenty-four. The enemy had troops sufficient to put fresh men in the "Trenches" every three or four days; but the Confederates had no relief. Gen. LEE, by putting in every man he had, could keep up barely a respectable skirmish line; there was not more than *one man to every four feet and a half of the line*. Yet, this thin skirmish line, ragged, debilitated from want of nutritious food, clasping with bare and almost fleshless

hands their cold musket-barrels, their skeleton frames shivering under wintry blasts, stood to their posts midst storms of rain, snow, sleet, lead and iron, and held at bay the well-fed, splendidly equipped, fresh and teeming masses of the foe, for more than eight long months! All this, too, amid discouraging reports of starvation, discontent and defection at home, and disaster in the field!

The Sixtieth Alabama Regiment, as I have before remarked, entered the "Trenches" July 9th, 1864, and came out March 14th, 1865. Here was a tour of *guard duty* lasting more than eight months!—not of guard duty alone, but I might say, of constant fighting, *ceaseless battle!* At any hour of any day or night, during this period, might be heard the whizzing of balls, the reports of small arms, and the explosions of artillery.

I have appended a statement (see Appendix) of the amount of ammunition expended by the Regiment each day during the months of July, August, September, and a part of October. It must be borne in mind, that this statement gives the number of cartridges expended daily by *a single regiment*. When it is considered, that the same number, more or less, was expended by every regiment on the extended line, that the enemy expended probably more in response, and that the artillery of both sides was equally as social as the infantry, it will be readily conceded, that it is not saying too much to pronounce this period, a period of *ceaseless battle*. This prolonged battle, moreover, was *sanguinary* as well as ceaseless. Death frequently came

unexpectedly, if that were possible in a locality where earth and atmosphere were filled with it. For example, a soldier is sitting in his bomb-proof inditing a letter to some absent loved one—a mother, a wife, a sister, or a lady love; a ball, striking a tree or musket-barrel, incautiously raised above the parapet, glances downward, enters the door of the bomb-proof, penetrates the body of the writer, and his life-blood, spurted forth upon the unfilled sheet before him, eloquently narrates the story of his tragic end! The aggregate loss of the Regiment during its stay in the “Trenches” from this irregular picking off, was about one hundred and forty in killed and wounded, averaging more than one to every two days.

It was while the Brigade was occupying its last position in the Trenches, that it sustained the loss—the irreparable loss—of its noble Brigadier, the martial GRACIE. He, who, while raging along many a battle's front, had hitherto escaped unscathed—he, whose voice had ever been heard amid the thickest of the fight, crying out, “Forward! my brave boys! Forward!”—he, who, in fine, was to his Brigade its crowning ornament, as a well-fitting capital of a stately granite shaft—he was cut down, unexpectedly, as by a stroke of lightning, while standing quietly, with telescope in hand, inspecting the enemy's line. A loss such as this could but be esteemed a serious calamity, and as such was grievously deplored by the officers and men of the entire Brigade. He was succeeded by Col. Y. M. Moody, of the 43d Alabama.

CHAPTER V.

THE RESURRECTION—HATCHER'S RUN—BATTLE ON THE WHITE
OAK'S ROAD.

FINALLY, on the night of the 14th of March, 1865, the command was relieved and marched out of the "Trenches" by the same "covered way" by which it had entered. The moon was up, the weather pleasant, and as the troops passed through Petersburg, cheer after cheer burst forth spontaneously. Although it was well understood, that the removal from the Trenches was a change from fighting behind works to open field fighting, and that of the two, the former was preferable; yet, the men seemed delighted at the movement. It was a luxury to walk erect upon the surface of the earth after eight months' confinement under ground. The step of the command was brisk and elastic. The Regiment was itself again, each member of it appearing to feel that he was restored to his proper element; and as he moved carelessly and lightly along, saying by his manner, if not by words, "This is my native heath, and my name is McGregor."

Some time after midnight, the command halted and camped during the remnant of the night at a point about six miles from Petersburg, on the road leading towards "Hatcher's Run." At daylight the march was resumed and continued until midday, when we

arrived at a point near "Hatcher's Run," and took possession of some very comfortable quarters which we found erected there. These quarters were occupied until about March 21st. The four or five days spent at this point might well be pronounced a "*Season of Jubilee*." The men, after their long confinement in the "Trenches," seemed like boys released from school. They boxed, wrestled, leaped, ran, played at ball, and pitched quoits. But the spirit of frolic did not reach its height until after night-fall.

There was a wide street separating the rows of huts; on each side of these streets were the fires at which the cooking was done. When darkness came on, these streets became the theatres of sham battles, *a la Trench*. Burning brands snatched from the fires were hurled high in air, and descended on the heads of the opposite side, after the manner of mortar shells. To the eye of the spectator it was a fine representation of mortar shelling in the "Trenches." Frequent were the charges, and many prisoners were captured on both sides. The litter-bearers, too, were faithful in the discharge of their duty, (more so than is customary in a real engagement). A cheer from one side was defiantly responded to by a cheer from the other. Voices were heard from the side representing the Confederates, crying out, "I say, Yank, don't you want some tobacco?" and from the side representing the Federals, "Come over, Johnnie, and take a cup of hot coffee!" This mimicry of Trench warfare was continued to a late hour of the night. It was painful to a

thoughtful spectator of these sports to think, that so many of those athletic forms were soon, in all probability, to lie mangled or dismembered on battle-fields.

The Regiments of the Brigade were placed on picket on Hatcher's Run in rotation. About the 21st March, came the turn of the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment. The position occupied by the Regiment was more than a half mile in length, and extended up and down the stream at the point known as the "Crow House." The "Crow House" was the humble dwelling of an aged couple and three little children. Old Father Crow was an invalid and confined to his bed; Mother Crow was the main stay and most striking feature of the establishment. She was one of those notable house-keepers of the olden school, and scanned her apartment with the eye of a *connoisseur*. If there was a grease spot upon the floor, the convulsive twitchings of the muscles of her face showed with what agony she beheld it. To her it was what grating discord is to the cultivated ear of the musician. Around her neck was pinned a home-spun kerchief of spotless white; her gray locks were covered with a tidy cap; and on her forehead were poised the spectacles which had been in her service since first her sight had failed her. On the back of her chair hung her tobacco bag, from the mouth of which protruded her pipe stem. Prominently in the foreground of her apartment stood her spinning wheel. The presence of contending armies seemed to cause her little or no concern; her domestic operations did not cease, though battles were

being fought at her very threshold ; and the humming of her wheel might be heard amid the rattle of musketry and the thunder of "great ordnance in the field."

Such was the "Crow House" and its principal inmate. It was immediately in front of this house, along the bank of "Hatcher's Run," that the Regiment was placed on picket on the 21st of March. (The regimental headquarters were at the "Crow House," it being about the centre of our position.) Nothing of much interest happened until the 25th. On the morning of that day, the enemy seemed to be in motion along the whole line from Petersburg to the extreme right. A severe battle was audible a mile to the left of our position. Lieut. Col. Troy, commanding the 59th Alabama and other Regiments, was engaged in this fighting.

On the portion of the line occupied by the Regiment, the enemy made no serious attack until late in the afternoon, when massing a large body of troops in front of the point guarded by Capt. G. A. TARBURTON's company, they attempted and effected a crossing. Owing to the fact that the line covered by the Regiment was more than a half mile in length, but few guns could be brought to bear upon any one point. Capt. TARBURTON could operate upon the enemy with not more than a dozen rifles ; but these twelve rifles did yeoman's service. The heavy columns of the enemy were distant not more than sixty yards, and in an open field ; consequently, every shot brought down

at least one man. There was but one log upon which to effect a crossing. As soon as a man put his foot upon this log, he was almost invariably sent to his long home. The Federal battalions winced and wavered under the unerring fire of twelve Confederate marksmen. It was a Thermopylæ. A reinforcement of a dozen guns might have repulsed the enemy. The exact state of the situation, however, was unknown to the remainder of the command, and it was impossible to convey intelligence from the rifle-pit occupied by Capt. TARBUTTON'S men, because the man who would venture forth from that pit would at once become the target of the whole Federal force. The officers of the enemy, seeing the insignificant character of the force by which they were being held at bay, waved their swords and urged their men to redoubled efforts. Many were shot down, but occasionally a man succeeded in crossing and lying down under cover of the bank. At length, twenty or thirty having effected a safe passage, they rose in a body, charged the rifle-pit and captured it, with two or three of its gallant defenders. Capt. TARBUTTON and the remainder made good their escape.

The enemy, now unmolested, poured over in numbers. Soon the fact became known that the line had been broken. On the reception of this intelligence, there was at first much alarm and indecision. Finally, Col. GOODE, of WISE'S Brigade, (who was in command of the portion of the line to the right of the point taken by the enemy), considering that he

was cut off from the main body of the army, thought it advisable to take measures to prevent his own capture. He accordingly marched the troops by the right flank down the line of works about two miles, then filing to the right, marched about two miles to the rear, and then again filing to the right, proceeded about two miles in that direction, thus moving over three sides of a square, and finally halting for the night at a point about two miles to the rear of the "Crow House," from which he had started. It was late at night when this position was reached, and the troops were much wearied and terribly disheartened. Forebodings of disaster were upon every mind. The night, moreover, was cold, rainy, tempestuous, and but little wood could be had. At length, the finishing touch was given to the gloom which pervaded the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment, by the report that Col. D. S. Troy had been killed in one of the numerous charges made during the day in the fighting about a mile to the left of the "Crow House." This officer occupied a high place in the estimation of the Regiment, and the report of his death was a fitting climax to the discouraging reports and incidents of the day. (The falsity of this report was not ascertained until some time after the surrender. Col. Troy received a severe wound, and fell into the hands of the enemy.)

After a few hour's unrefreshing slumber on the wet, cold ground, and some time before daylight, the troops were aroused and gotten under arms. It was well understood, without any verbal information to that

effect, that the object of this early movement was to recapture the position in front of the "Crow House," which had been abandoned the evening before, and a stubborn and bloody engagement was anticipated. Generals BUSHROD JOHNSON and HENRY A. WISE were in command. The column was put in motion, and at daylight had arrived at the edge of the open field in which was situated the "Crow House." The mansion of the Crows was standing quietly where we had left it, the smoke ascending in graceful curves from its solitary chimney. It was some relief to see that it had not been burned by the enemy, and its helpless inmates turned out of house and home. On reaching this field, the troops were formed in line of battle, and moved forward, slowly and steadily, expecting every moment to receive a volley from the foe; but no volley came, and no sound was audible, not even the humming of Mother Crow's wheel. At length, the very banks of the stream having been gained without molestation, it became certain that no foe was present, and that the reoccupation of the line was to be accomplished without bloodshed. A feeling of relief came over the entire command, and much gratification was felt that the events of the previous evening had resulted in no serious calamity. It seems that the enemy, after having effected a crossing and broken the line at the point occupied by Capt. TARBUTTON, had considered their advanced position, with a deep stream in their rear, too hazardous to be retained, and accordingly had relinquished it during the night.

The pools of blood still standing in the hollows of the rocks at the point of the crossing, gave evidence of the execution done by Capt. TARBUTTON'S cool riflemen.

The line was at once re-established, and everything went on as before. On visiting the "Crow House" its inmates were found *in statu quo*—Father CROW, in his usual recumbent position, snoring after a manner strongly suggestive of the distant lowing of herds; and Mother CROW, sitting in her chimney-corner enjoying her post-breakfast and ante-spinning-wheel pipe. They were, to all appearances, totally unconscious of the occurrences of the past twenty-four hours.

The position on "Hatcher's Run" was occupied until the night of the 29th of March, without the occurrence of any event of marked interest in the experience of the Regiment. I say *in the experience of the Regiment*, because there were then on foot in the armies at large, movements of vast significance, which were destined in a few days to bring to an abrupt conclusion the long and terrific struggle for Southern Independence.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 30th, the command moved from the line in front of the "Crow House" to a fort about a mile to its left. This night was one of the most memorable nights in the history of the Regiment. The darkness was intense, the rain fell without ceasing, and the line of march was through a field of *abattis*—a pine forest felled, over

which a fire had recently passed. Can a more difficult task be conceived than the traversing of this field of felled timber on a dark, rainy night? It was undertaken, however, and accomplished—but its accomplishment occupied the remainder of the night. About dawn the men came into the fort in squads of a half-dozen or more, blackened by the soot from the charred timber, and thoroughly drenched by the rain. When we looked back over the intricate maze, through which we had struggled in darkness and rain, and saw the point from which we had started not more than a mile distant, it seemed as though we had been subjected to the influence of a bewildering spell, and we congratulated ourselves on our ultimate deliverance.

After an hour or two spent in the fort and its vicinity, the command was moved (the rain still falling), to a point on the "White Oaks Road." The day (March 30th), was spent at this point on the roadside, in momentary expectation of a battle. The fighting in that quarter, however, did not amount to more than very heavy skirmishing, which was kept up throughout the day. A large detail from the Regiment, under charge of that faithful and indefatigable soldier, Capt. CLARK, participated in this skirmishing. At night, the troops were quartered in some very comfortable cabins about a half mile from the road.

BATTLE ON THE WHITE OAKS ROAD.

At dawn on the morning of the 31st of March, the command was aroused from its snug quarters, and moved to a point on the White Oaks Road about a mile to the right of the previous day's position. The atmosphere was filled with a dense fog, the grounds and undergrowth were wet from the rain which had already fallen, and a cloud surcharged, every now and then, emptied its contents on our heads. When the clouds lifted, we discovered that we were in line of battle in a piece of woods, in front of which, distant about fifty yards, lay the road (White Oaks). Beyond the road we saw an extensive field—probably, a mile and a half in length by a half mile in width. In this field, about an hundred and fifty yards from the road, was a line of picket holes, each fifty yards apart, occupied by Confederate riflemen.

But the feature of the situation most likely to attract the eye, was two heavy lines of battle of Federal infantry, distinctly visible on the further edge of the field. Our own line being under cover of the woods, was entirely concealed from the enemy; theirs, however, was open to our inspection—and, it is not venturing much to say, that it was subjected by us to a close scrutiny.

After an hour spent in this position, a movement was observed amongst the enemy; a line of skirmishers was deployed forward, and soon the two lines, with skirmishers in front, swung loose from their

moorings and bore down upon us in battle-array. At this movement, every Confederate soldier instinctively grasped his piece more firmly and re-examined the condition of his ammunition. Soon the Confederate riflemen stationed in the picket-holes opened a cool and steady fire; they were responded to by the Federal skirmishers. Every shot from the Southern pickets did execution, because it was scarcely possible to miss the compact front of the enemy; but the blue lines advanced steadily, unfalteringly, in beautiful style. At length the skirmishers fell back upon the main line, and now, this main line had almost reached the Confederate picket holes, when—

“At once there rose so wild a yell,
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from Heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-ery of Hell!”

With that peculiar, liver-quaking cheer, which ever preceded a Confederate onset, the Confederate line rose from the ground, poured a volley into the blue masses, and rushed forward upon them, loading and firing as they rushed. This unexpected and terrific outburst stunned and unnerved the apparently resistless battle-lines; their forward sweep came to an instant pause; the legs which had advanced with measured tread over the field, suddenly seemed to be imbued with ten-fold capacity and an ungovernable passion for retracing those steps. In vain, the field-officers rode gallantly to the front, waving their swords and exhorting their panic-stricken legions to be calm and advance—they faltered, recoiled, fled in

disorder, and the magnificent lines of blue became in a few moments one common herd of wild fugitives, rushing madly to the rear!

“For life, for life their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And broad-swords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in their rear.
Onward they drive in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued——.”

Close on the heels of the flying foe pressed the Confederates, cheering, loading and firing. In this manner the pursuit was kept up the entire length of the field, to the point from which the Federal lines of battle had started—beyond that point—through a narrow strip of woods—then across a small field—into the forest beyond—and up to the banks of a stream. The distance from the starting point to the point at which the pursuit terminated, was about two miles. Along this entire route were strewn the equipage, arms, accoutrements, and dead or mangled bodies of the foe.

If fresh troops had been put in at the stream at which the breathless and now scattered Confederate line was brought to a halt, the pursuit would have been continued, a decisive victory might have been achieved, and the whole front of the then pending campaign changed. But no fresh Confederates were to be had. The enemy, on the contrary, had a line of breastworks just beyond the stream, manned by fresh troops, both infantry and artillery. Under circumstances such as these, the tide of battle could but change. The reserve of the enemy opened with their

small arms and artillery. The Confederate line (now barely a skirmish line, and thoroughly exhausted,) was driven back slowly, inch by inch, contesting every foot of the ground, fighting from tree to tree and from hillock to hillock.

So slow was the retreat and so stubborn the contest, that the day was well nigh spent by the time that the line was reached from which the pursuit had started in the morning. Late in the evening, the battle-worn, powder-stained Confederates who had participated in the arduous fighting on the White Oaks Road, placed themselves under cover of their breastworks, and, panting for breath, leaned forward on the embankment with guns in hand, awaiting the onset of the Yankees. They had driven the enemy two miles in less than a half hour; it had required the remainder of the day for the fresh troops of the enemy (out-numbering them as two to one) to push them back, step by step, over the same ground. They now stood prepared, all jaded as they were, for a final struggle. But the cautious foe, mindful of the rough experience of the morning, forebore to proceed, and the fighting ceased.

Here was almost a whole day of persistent, open-field fighting, with no respite—no relief. The loss of the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment in this engagement was 103 in killed and wounded, about one-half of its *total effective*. Among this number was that unselfish patriot and fiery soldier, Maj. HATCH COOK, of Columbus, Ga. He had just returned from a furlough, and

had been on duty not more than an hour when he received his death-wounds. He fell, pierced by three balls, during the latter part of the morning's triumphant charge; and died, as he would have desired, on the "perilous edge of battle," underneath the Confederate flag as it was being borne high aloft and resistlessly forward on the fleeing foe. This was a fitting close to the earthly career of so gallant a spirit.

The command remained at the point at which the fighting of the 31st of March terminated, during that night and the succeeding day (April 1st).

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETREAT—SURRENDER—CONCLUSION.

A short while after dark, April 1st, the troops were gotten under arms and marched by the right flank until the dawn of the 2d. During the whole night, as we *tramped* along through the mud and darkness, our ears were filled with the incessant thunder of cannon in the direction of Petersburg. We trembled for the fate of that city and the army, for we well knew how bare was the line of defence. Everything seemed to forebode disaster to the Confederate cause. There was a mournful sighing of the wind among the trees; the air was damp and heavy; the mud, ankle deep; the ambulances, ammunition and baggage wagons, were dragged slowly along by half-famished teams; the troops moved on wearily, in moody silence—and, as they passed each fire on the roadside, the light falling on their faces enabled one to read there dejection of mind and lassitude of body. The groups of men standing around these fires, moreover, seemed to be laboring under some burden; and from their subdued conversation we learned that PICKETT's Division, the flower of the Army of Northern Virginia, had met with a serious disaster. At dawn of day, we arrived at a point on the South Side Rail Road. Here our worst fears were confirmed. *Richmond and*

Petersburg had fallen! The overwhelming masses of the enemy had pressed, by dint of mere physical weight, through the thin, but steel-like, Confederate girdle encircling those cities.

Richmond and Petersburg have fallen! This one announcement comprehended a world of disaster and irretrievable loss. Richmond—for whose capture and in whose defence, four years of ceaseless effort had been put forth, and a half million of men had perished; Richmond—for whose capture and in whose defence, the finest military genius of the age had been exerted—had fallen, not by strategy or heroic attack, but under the crushing weight of resistless numbers. The lines had been broken at last—the flood-gates had been torn away—the levee, which for so long a time had held within bounds the constantly accumulating legions of the enemy, had been burst over, and now, through the huge crevasse poured in hot haste, the seething multitudes thirsting for their prey. The whole country seemed suddenly inundated with the foe: there were Yankees in front of us, Yankees to right of us, Yankees to left of us, and Yankees on fleet steeds hastening to rear of us. A retreat was inevitable—was, in fact, the only chance, and a bare chance at that, for the escape of the remnant of the grand old Army of Northern Virginia.

Accordingly, at about 10 A. M. on the morning of the 2d April, after having rested two or three hours from the night's march, the troops were put in motion in the direction of Lynchburg. No halt, pro-

perly speaking, was made until the evening of the 8th, when the vicinity of Appomattox Court House was reached. Here were eight days and nights of constant marching, with the exception of the frequent formations of lines of battle, to beat back the foe, who were overlapping us on both flanks and thundering on the rear. Day and night were the same, so far as marching was concerned. The men dragged themselves along mechanically—from force of habit. They seemed incapable of any exertion beyond that required in putting one foot before another; but when SHERIDAN'S bugle sounded the charge, whether at noon or midnight, there was an instant reanimation, each form became erect, its wonted fire returned to each eye, and the bugle-blast received a response in a ringing cheer and a deadly volley. At each response of this description, the Federal cavalry fled back abashed and bleeding, as hounds who had ventured too near, and for their temerity had caught a stroke of the paw and a glimpse of the lion's teeth.

Some portion of the army was engaging the enemy all the while during the retreat, as the remainder was moving on. The Sixtieth Alabama Regiment participated in this fighting on the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th days of April. Perhaps the most memorable of these affairs was that which occurred on the evening of the 6th. The scene was within about four miles of the bridge which spans the James at Farmville. Gen. BUSHROD JOHNSON carried his Division in pursuit of the enemy up the side of a considerable ridge. It

soon became apparent, from the whizzing of balls upon both flanks as well as from the front, that we were in a very critical condition. The only way left open to us, leading back to the main body, was through two fields. The Division was marched back in line of battle steadily, and in fine order, across the fields. The woods beyond were gained without a serious disaster, and now the men breathed freely, supposing that they had completely extricated themselves from the enemy's grasp. We had not advanced far into the woods, however, when fire was opened upon our front, rear, and both flanks from the surrounding hills. This unexpected onslaught created a panic, and it was supposed for some time that the Division must be captured. Fortunately, it was soon ascertained that the fire proceeded from a small body of cavalry, which had succeeded, by means of swift horses, in surrounding us; and these, as usual, were brushed away with little difficulty. The Division then, without further molestation, rejoined the army, which was resting on the roadside, not more than a half mile off, totally unconscious of our late precarious situation. Darkness now set in, and the command moved on to the bridge at Farmville. The crossing of this bridge was effected at daylight on the morning of the 7th. The last of the troops had just passed over, and the bridge was being fired, when the enemy appeared upon the opposite shore and opened upon our rear with cannon.

Conspicuous on the line of march during this

memorable retreat, was the form of LEE. Though his heart must have been bleeding within him, his noble front was undimmed, and the grand qualities of his soul shone brightest in these darkest hours of his military career. His exhortations to fortitude and constancy were unceasing, and did much to sustain the few who were faithful to the end.

Along the route were thickly strewn, evidences of the desperate and disastrous character of the movement—dead and dying animals—burning wagons—abandoned muskets, cannon, caissons, ordnance trains, knapsacks, blankets, and camp-equipage of every description—and, saddest of all, hosts of exhausted and straggling men. The line which moved onward, steadfast and true to the last, was as a small current visible in the center of an otherwise stagnant stream.

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.

At length, on the evening of the 8th of April, the command had arrived at Appomattox Court House, a point distant about twenty-five miles from Lynchburg. The troops were halted on the outskirts of the village until dark, when they were formed in line, and, after an hour spent in slight changes of position, moved forward into the town, and rested without disturbance until the dawn of the 9th. Early on the morning of the 9th, the command was aroused, and marched through the village to the verge of the open fields beyond. Here the Brigade (which now formed a part

of GORDON'S Corps), was deployed as skirmishers. After this formation there was a halt of several minutes. During this halt the frequent passage of minie balls overhead, and the occasional explosion of a shell, informed us of the presence of the enemy. On inspecting the open fields in our front, we discovered a rail fence running through their centre, almost parallel with our position. Behind this fence (which had been thrown down), lay a line of battle of Federal infantry—on a hill to the right was posted a battery. At the word "forward" the men rose promptly and advanced upon the foe. The battery on the hill to the right hurled shot after shot into our ranks in quick succession; the infantry lying under cover of the fence fired rapidly, and with precision; and many brave and true men went down on that morning, who had survived the other fields of the war. The line, however, advanced steadily, unwaveringly; the battery was captured; and the enemy, having been dislodged from their position behind the fence, were driven across the field to their rear, and into the woods beyond.

When the pursuit had continued thus far, the line was withdrawn in the direction of the Court House. On reaching the suburbs of the village, and while the men were in a state of exultation over their morning's success, a horseman bearing a white flag rode rapidly through the line towards the enemy. This singular phenomenon created much surprise. A dozen guns were leveled upon the bearer of the white flag, but

the men were ordered to desist. An explanation of this mysterious occurrence was soon received in the announcement that Gen. LEE had surrendered.

This announcement was at first received with reluctance and discredit; but it was soon confirmed in a manner which left no room for doubt. *It was all over—the Army had, indeed, been surrendered!* With the existence of the army terminated that of the Regiment.

Such was the closing scene in the career of the Regiment—one of the most glorious presented by its record. Though the great struggle in which it had spent itself was lost, yet its sun went not down in darkness. As its epitaph, we would simply inscribe upon its tomb the following statement:

“The Sixtieth Alabama Regiment was a part of that gallant band of 8,000 men whom Gen. Lee could muster for battle on the 9th of April, 1865. On the morning of that day, this Regiment went into action with its wonted enthusiasm and usual success; and when the news of the surrender of the Army was received, its men were huzzaying over a captured battery and a routed foe.”

But little remains to be told. Late on the evening of the 9th, the troops stacked their arms; after which Gen. GORDON, having had his corps formed *en masse*, delivered to them an address, explanatory of the cause and terms of the surrender, and exhorting them to manly fortitude under the great reverse which had befallen them. His voice was hoarse from emotion

throughout, and occasionally it failed him altogether. His auditory were equally affected—as he spoke, the tears coursed freely down the powder-stained cheeks of veterans, who for four years had lived in almost constant battle for the cause whose final overthrow the speaker was announcing. Not a word was spoken save by the General, and when his voice grew faint and hoarser, and at times entirely ceased, there was unbroken silence throughout those sombre, almost heart-broken legions. Even nature seemed in sympathy with the scene—the heavens were filled with clouds, and a chilling mist pervaded the atmosphere.

On the morning of the 11th, a formal surrender took place in the presence of the Federal army, drawn up in line of battle. On that occasion there was no demonstration of triumph on the part of the victors—*they were veterans themselves, and could respect a veteran foe.* On the evening of that day, the Regiment was formed for the last time, and it was announced to the troops that they were at liberty to return to their homes. This information, which, under other circumstances, would have filled them with joy, was received in silence. The Regiment divided, some returning to their homes by the land route, and others taking ship at Fortress Monroe and coming around by water.

CONCLUSION.

In concluding this brief history, the question suggests itself: has all this long-continued and intense effort—all this sacrifice of blood and treasure—all this subjection to privation and peril—resulted in no good to the actors themselves? Are they absolutely without reward for their exalted patriotism and active devotion to principle? The answer is—that, so far as anything tangible and material is concerned, they are not only without recompense, but have received instead thereof stripes and punishment, having been ejected from the possession and enjoyment of both liberty and property. But there is a reward of a higher character, which is theirs in an eminent degree—a reward inherent in and inseparable from all noble actions—"that peace above all earthly dignities, a calm and quiet conscience."

While affected deeply by the evils which afflict their country, they can still look upon them without compunction, and say, "Though thou art desolate, my country, it is not this hand hath made thee so. No! Nor was it the hand of the alien foe who waged war against thee, so much as the hands of men whom thou didst nourish in thine own bosom; who breathed thy breath; who drank from thy cool fountains; who basked in the shade of thy magnificent groves; whose ears were filled with the warbling of thy birds; whose eyes rested on the placid, yet luxuriant, beauty of thy

landscapes; who fed upon the fruits thou dost so bountifully yield; aye, and the bones of whose forefathers and departed kindred had found a resting place beneath thy soil!" All this, and more, they may say—in sorrow, it is true, but with a consoling consciousness of personal rectitude.

The value of this reward will be better appreciated when we reflect, what must *now* be the bitter self-reproach and unavailing regret of those who have failed in their duty to the country in its hour of need. This reflection suggests to us the fact, that *the present reward* of the faithful soldier of "the lost cause," consists not only in a *positive* pleasure of the highest kind, but in an escape from an evil, the greatest of all others, *the lashings of a guilty conscience*.

I say *the present reward*, in contradistinction to that *ultimate reward*, which must crown their labors in the vindication and establishment of the great principle of constitutional liberty for which they put them forth. In the language of the eloquent old Virginian, HENRY A. WISE: "*The lost cause? If lost, it is not true—if true, it is not lost!*" If the cause for which we fought is true, it is not lost. Like a noble ship in the storm, it has gone down into the trough of the sea, and is submerged beneath mountain billows; its masts and rigging are swept away and its crew are paralyzed by the might of the elements; but when the calm returns, and the demons of the deep cease to lash it in their fury, it will rise buoyantly up; and if a sufficient number of its crew have clung faithfully

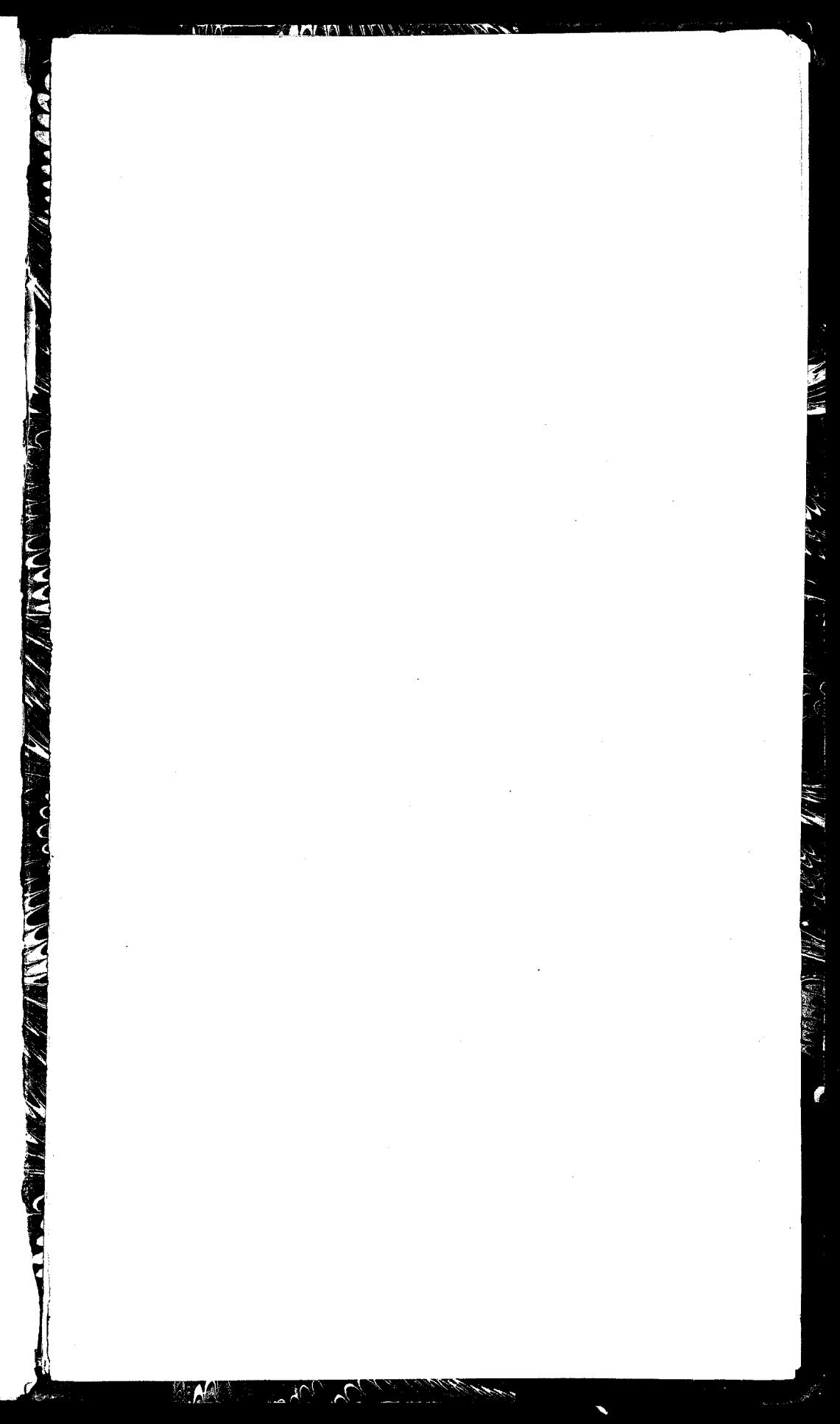
to it, and are not washed overboard, it will soon be rigged anew, and move on in its course with that majesty and power which characterized it when it was first launched upon the main.

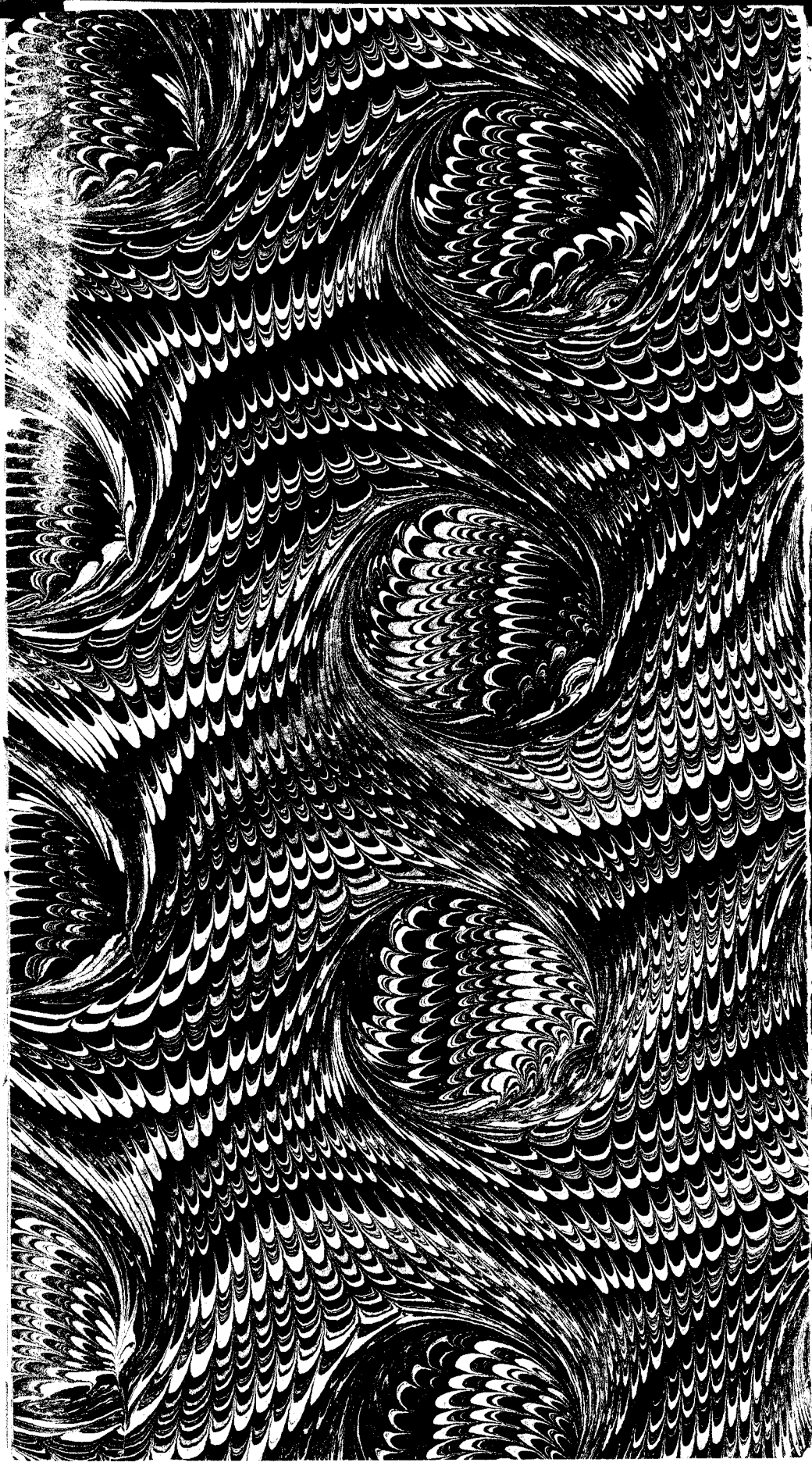
APPENDIX.

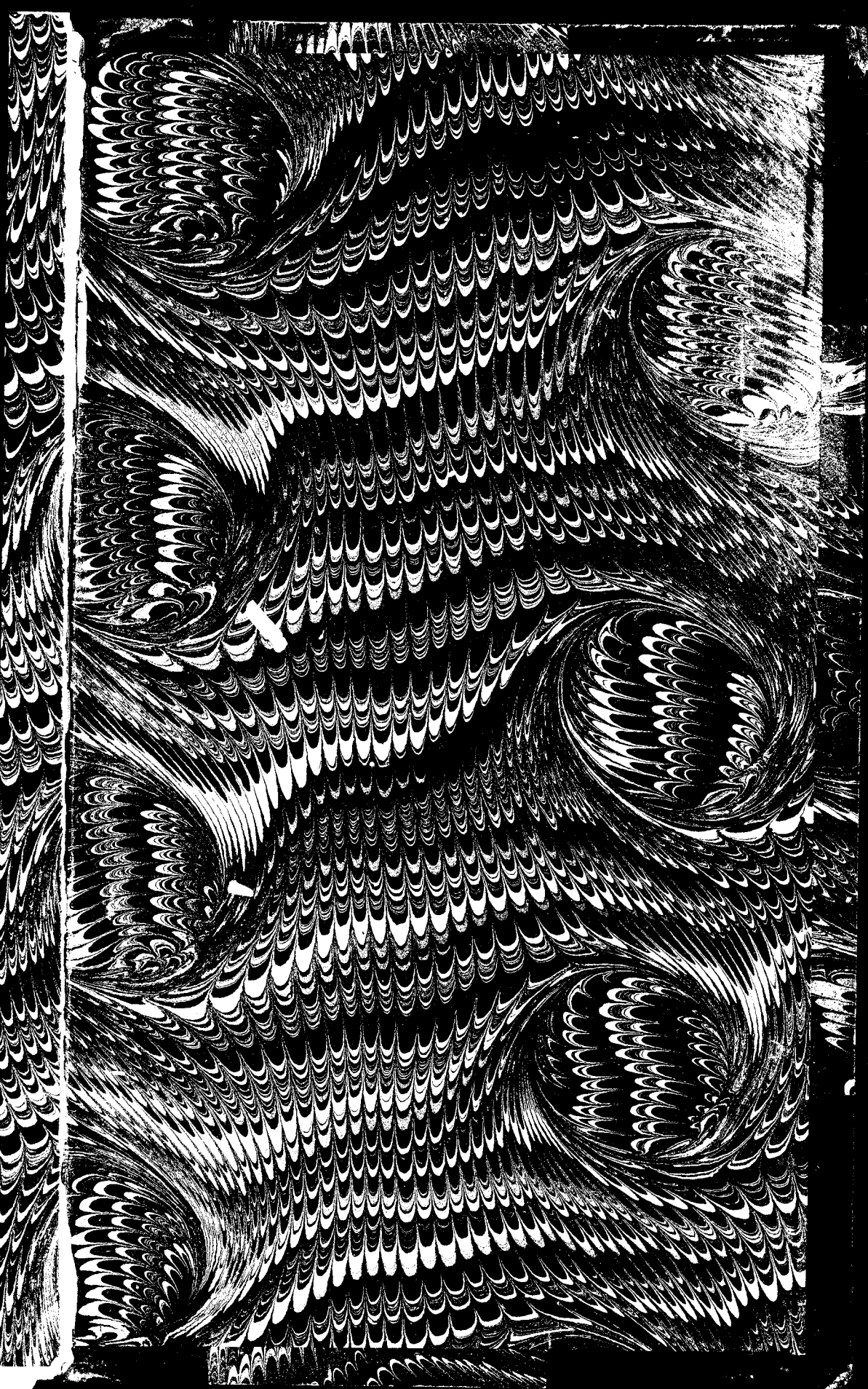
TABULAR STATEMENT of Number of Rounds of Ammunition expended
by the Regiment daily, from July 13th to October 8th, 1864.

JULY.		AUGUST.		SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.	
Day of Month.	No. Rounds Expended.	Day of Month.	No. Rounds Expended.	Day of Month.	No. Rounds Expended.	Day of Month.	No. Rounds Expended.
..	1	780	1	1070	1	530
..	2	360	2	790	2	770
..	3	1440	3	1090	3	610
..	4	1070	4	860	4	480
..	5	1390	5	790	5	850
..	6	1640	6	610	6	830
..	7	1090	7	1170	7	570
..	8	840	8	760	8	660
..	9	910	9	690	9	
..	10	770	10	900	10	
..	11	920	11	830	11	
..	12	850	12	890	12	
13	1070	13	630	13	840	13	
14	1600	14	770	14	780	14	
15	1480	15	1170	15	430	15	
16	990	16	1880	16	3170	16	
17	1090	17	1130	17	3240	17	
18	1080	18	1000	18	2820	18	
19	730	19	810	19	2120	19	
20	1260	20	510	20	2660	20	
21	1030	21	1180	21	1980	21	
22	1080	22	690	22	1030	22	
23	790	23	660	23	1610	23	
24	1180	24	810	24	1410	24	
25	950	25	590	25	810	25	
26	1000	26	730	26	1410	26	
27	1290	27	690	27	27	
28	1140	28	830	28	28	
29	1230	29	810	29	910	29	
30	1720	30	970	30	910	30	
31	1120	31	750	31	

The firing was at the rate shown by this Table during its entire stay in the Trenches.







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